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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Seventy-sixth Exhibition.

"Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind."—*Johnson's Preface to Shakespere.*

The Seventy-sixth Exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened to the public on Monday, the 6th of May. On the Friday preceding, there was, we believe, as usual, a "private view." On the day after, there was the customary feast of reason and flow of soul at the heavily-laden dinner-table. Among the guests was Prince Albert; the gallery having been previously honoured by the presence of her Majesty. On Monday, shillings obtained admissions for persons whose business it is to report upon the collection; and who had to push their way through crowds to get hurried peeps at objects it was their desire and their duty to examine carefully and to scrutinize narrowly. The members of the Royal Academy are, no doubt, "wise in their generation;" but their wisdom is not of the kind which characterizes high and enlightened minds. They persist in excluding all "judges" who do not arrive with heavily-laden pockets. The wedding garment must be of purple and fine linen; the eminence derived from mind is a passport through its doors far less effectual than twelve copper pennies. Shrewd and sensible people—generous in nothing! The usual result has followed; every public journalist "cries the Exhibition down," as far as he can; taking note of all its weak points and slurring over all matters that may be serviceable to the Institution—the only Institution in Great Britain *as yet* empowered to confer honours and distinctions upon the professors of Art. We say "as yet;" for, as surely as we write, a time is approaching when this Institution will be remodelled by the application of force from without; that it ought to be so, is universally admitted everywhere (save within its walls), and by everybody (except those who are, or *think they are*, interested in maintaining its exclusive and most illiberal character). We have reason to know that arrangements are in contemplation to render the Royal Academy more worthy of the country and the age. It is high time that such should be the case; that the ungenial and narrow-minded spirit which so extensively prevails over its councils should be schooled into a knowledge that what might have been proper enough in the "dark ages" of British Art will not do in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is by no means fitting that half-a-dozen artists should retain *the whole power* by which a profession is to be elevated or depressed;* the members of which profession now-a-days consist of twenty times more than they did when that power was conferred upon a selected few. Monopolies of all sorts are falling away; the Royal Academy is nearly the last. It has made no useful move of any kind for nearly eighty years; and it will undoubtedly continue without a stir, until impelled forward by a force to which it will yield most unwillingly—resisting as long as it shall be able so to do. The evil obstinacy which perseveres in refusing all courtesy to the press supplies the text upon which we write;* the poor policy, however, is but a sample of the mode in which the Royal Academy is conducted. All attempts to introduce salutary changes into this close corporation are frustrated by the few who rule its destinies; and it may be accepted as one of the signs of the times that we—who have, during many years, fought earnestly against its assailants, in the hope that reformation would proceed from those who could reform it most safely—feel it an imperative duty to call upon the Legislature to take the care of British Art into its own hands; utterly hopeless that any improvement will issue out of the good sense, wisdom, or liberality of the Members themselves.

Already a society—the Artists' Institute, consisting of nearly four hundred artists—is busily at work, doing that which the Royal Academy ought long since to have done. It is sapping the foundations of the old Institution, and the older members thereof are perfectly conscious that such is the fact. Yet what has followed? Three or four of its members joined that society—they have been commanded to withdraw from it. A public meeting was held (to petition the Legislature in reference to Art-Union societies). It was called, and the expenses incident to it were defrayed, by the Artists' Institute. The Academy held itself aloof, as we shall show elsewhere; however, many of the members of the Academy signed it at the eleventh hour. The work, if done, will be done by this "unauthorized and unacknowledged body." Other acts of still greater importance will follow, and a ray of intelligence may dawn upon the old corporation, when active, zealous, and intelligent members of the profession have opened the doors by which Improvement will enter.

But there is another body—working with less ostentation but greater certainty, and with infinitely more powerful effect;—from the "Royal Commission of Fine Arts" the real "reform" will come.* It is now all but certain that the Government designs to do for British Art something more than "to consider how far it may be promoted by rebuilding the Houses of Parliament."

These observations are forced from us—forced from us by the conviction that the Royal Academy will do nothing, *of themselves*, to render their constitution more commensurate with the altered character of the age. We are very sure, then, that—within a short period from this date—"suggestions" will issue from the Royal Commission that will be much more effectual than protests of public writers and examples of artists' institutes. When there ensues a far more sweeping reform of the Academy than we have ever contemplated—perhaps greatly more sweeping than we should advise—it will be our duty to remind the members of the warnings of their adversaries and the counsels of their friends, equally rejected and despised.

Unhappily, the character of the Royal Academy has been too frequently assailed without judgment or discretion. It is not very rare to find the members thereof described as "inferior artists"—a palpable untruth, inasmuch as, with two or three exceptions, they consist of men of high genius, and, what is something, of estimable and irreproachable characters. Such statements have been put forth by public journalists in mere anger, without thought that the purpose of improving the Society by urging fair and reasonable objections was thus defeated. This has been the deplorable error of the press generally. It is needless to say that into so discreditable a mistake we have never fallen. But we can no longer conceal our conviction that the public voice, as well as the rational demands of the profession at large, must be listened to. Within the last three or four years circumstances, as regards the Arts in this country, have been essentially altered. Tens of thousands have been taught to feel interested in all matters that appertain to them. Much of this is, no doubt, owing to Art-Union Societies, which exist in nearly all the provinces of the kingdom. But events of still greater importance are affording daily proofs that the guardians and teachers of Art must keep somewhat in advance of their scholars. The Royal Academy is, we repeat, the only body that has made no move forward. Even the Society of Antiquaries (which, from the nature of their pursuits, and, as it were, the very constitution of their minds, might have been expected to be the last to adopt the principal of self-reform) is adopting many salutary changes; among the rest, the issue of a monthly pamphlet, containing reports of proceedings at the weekly meetings.

We ask again, can the Royal Academy be so foolish as to imagine that what they refuse to do of themselves will not be done for them?

Entertaining, as we unquestionably do, a sincere conviction that to a selected body of artists ought to be confided the charge of maintaining the interests, sustaining the character, and preserving the high station of the profession, we should see with great regret any attempts to revolutionize the government of the Royal Academy; but there is a time when revolution *is to be avoided only by* reform.

In reference to the Royal Academy, we are sure that time is fully come.

The Exhibition (1844) contains 1410 works, the contributions of 750 professional and 15 honorary members. It is known that a very large number of offerings were rejected "for want of room." We have heard it stated, indeed, that

* We speak of "half a dozen," because, although the body consists of forty artists, we have good reason to believe that a very large majority would advocate the changes rendered necessary by time, but for the pertinacity of a few of the older members, who obstinately adhere to ancient laws, and cannot, or will not, perceive the wisdom of, in the smallest degree, altering any one of them. They forget, or do not consider, that it was the stern resolve to maintain Gatton and Old Sarum in all their "purity" which produced the Reform Bill, with its schedules A. and B. There is an old though vulgar saying, "a stitch in time saves nine," which certain members of the Royal Academy appear never to have heard of.

* We have upon several occasions complained of the miserable position in which all writers for the public press are placed by this absurd and insulting system of exclusion. Last year, we made a formal application for admission to the private view: it was made in vain; and we are not likely to submit ourselves again to the humiliating ceremony of a refusal. Every newspaper contains some such introduction to the Review as this, which we copy from the *Spectator*:—"The first glimpse is not inspiriting: as one jostles on, through the crowd that chokes the narrow gangways of the small suite of stifling apartments, to reach the great room at the end, the prospect above the heads of the visitors is dreary enough: a waste of gaudy canvas in gilded compartments glares on the walls, studded with representations of the human face, mostly made to look anything but divine. Here and there a large landscape or some huge history-piece intervenes; serving rather to reconcile one to the surrounding display of dress and upholstery, than to induce regret at the fewness of these ambitious attempts." The ordinary visitor can form but a limited notion of the misery to which "a critic" visiting the gallery is subjected—misery which incapacitates him utterly from judging fairly, not to say generously, of the collection. If he desires to see the pictures which he ought especially to see, it is only by rudely jostling or pushing before ladies; mind and body are both wearied and worn out when he takes pen in hand to describe the results of casual glances. Yet the Royal Academy is the only public Institution in the world which refuses a concession—dictated alike by policy and justice; although in none is there so great a necessity for such advantages as can only lead to sound judgment.

* Lord Mahon and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay have been added to the Fine Arts Commission. They are gentlemen of matured taste and cultivated minds—both of them distinguished as men of letters. These additions are to the honour of the Government.

they amounted to nearly 1500.* Yet no effort has been made by the Royal Academy to obtain augmented space. Who can doubt that, if proper steps had been taken, the whole of the building in Trafalgar-square would have been dedicated to British Art for the months of May and June? Who will hesitate to believe that, as long as the walls afford ample accommodation for the Members, other influences than theirs must be resorted to to provide a remedy? Who can avoid arriving at the conclusion that the Royal Commission—now the guardians of British Art—will direct their attention to prevent the annual recurrence of a sad evil, disgraceful to our national character?

EAST ROOM.

No. 9. 'Portrait of W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.,' D. Maclise, R.A. This is a small portrait: the subject is seated in a high-backed, carved chair. The pose and entire arrangement are as simple as can well be, the object of the artist having been to give to the person ease and movement, and to the features earnestness and inquiry; and in this he has perfectly succeeded. The likeness is not to be mistaken.

No. 10. * * * A. Solomon. The artist has fallen into the affectation of denying his picture a title. We have to observe, once for all in such cases, that this prevalent absurdity does not affect the mind of the spectator favourably, either towards the painter or his picture. The subject of the production is so commonplace that, perhaps, titles for such have been long ago exhausted. It is a love-scene, or rather a lover urging his suit to his mistress.

No. 11. 'Ostend,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Well as the place is known, the picture is not suggestive of any recollection of it; this, however, is the last part of the artist's purpose, who has long since forsaken the world of forms. We are, nevertheless, be it at once said, at Ostend; but the precise whereabouts is not in a moment discernible. All we are required to see is water, clouds, *light*—to recognise their fugitive effects. Now, those who have marked the spray of the sea falling in the sunshine must have been struck by its surpassing brilliancy. A passage of this kind is here presented, and certainly with as much success as can be achieved by the palette-knife and a little white paint. This and other things are here attempted; which, to apprehend at all, the spectator must sit down for some time before the work.

No. 13. 'The Otter speared—portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen's Otter-hound,' E. Landseer, R.A. A very large composition, and one which must rank among the most important productions of the entire career of this artist in his own peculiar walk of Art. It is, in short, a pyramid of dogs, formed thus:—We have a fragment of the river-bank, against which the huntsman of the pack is standing, bearing high above his head the otter, pierced by a long spear, which, of course, collects around him the whole pack of otter-hounds, some in the water at his feet, others on the bank above him, and others climbing and leaping around him. This picture far transcends all other efforts, ancient or modern, at portraiture of canine character. We are told it is (that is, in variety) a portrait of Lord Aberdeen's otter-hound, which seems to be an animal of most grave and eremitical features, but very earnest in pursuit, and curiously formed for swimming. The picture is wonderful in colour.

No. 14. 'The Madness of Hercules,' G. Patten, A. This is a very large picture, in which Hercules is seen in a furious paroxysm, dashing to the ground one of his own children, while his wife, kneeling before him with extended arms, implores its life. There is in the picture display of very good drawing, but something more than that is requisite. This is a most difficult subject to invest with interest. We cannot better describe the figure than by saying it is the Farnese Hercules in violent action. The countenance is unworthy of the character, inasmuch as we see there no indication of anything promotive of human good. The artist has painted Hercules after the old proverb, *ex pede Herculem*, varying his reading to *ex corpore*. The Farnese Hercules, after all, we look at, as an admirable specimen of a muscular man, but without one spark of divine fire; modelled, we might suppose, in compliment to some such hero as the Roman emperor whose grand feat was to slay an ox with his fist. It was consistent with ancient usage to commit as much as possible to mere form; but as this cannot re-act the whole story of miracle, either Christian or Heathen, here it was the failure.

No. 19. 'Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. The subject is attired in robes, and standing resting one hand on the head of a cast or bust. The treatment is simple, unaffected, and well calculated to give importance to the head.

No. 20. 'Portrait of the Marchioness of Douro,' J. R. Swinton. A work of considerable merit, by an artist with whose name we are unacquainted.

No. 21. 'Fishing-boats bringing a disabled ship into Port Rysdael,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. This work is more definite and contains more local colour than any we have of late seen by the artist. Nothing of the port is visible, nor is it very obvious how the crowd of boats are bringing the vessel in, or that they are even doing so at all; there is, however, something less of vapour than we have been accustomed to.

No. 23. 'Masquerading,' F. Crane. A child attempting to attire herself in her mother's gown, of the fashion of a hundred years ago. The picture is small, but it is drawn and coloured with much taste and spirit.

No. 25. 'The Balcony,' J. J. Chalon, R.A. The balcony is on the right of the picture, on which a lady is seen with a parasol; but this part of the composition is quite superseded in interest by an obtrusive shrub on the left. The picture demands little notice, and less praise.

No. 27. 'Portrait of Master Boydell Graves,' J. Wood. A small and brightly-toned portrait of an extremely interesting character.

No. 31. 'Scene from "Comus,"' C. R. Leslie, R.A. This is a composition for a fresco (the fresco in the summer-house at Buckingham Palace), but the style of subject is not that in which this artist can best do justice to himself. The scene has changed to the stately palace, set out "in all manner of deliciousness;" the lady is seated in the chair, and resists the temptation of Comus. His solicitation, and the repugnancy of the lady, are the points dwelt upon, and successfully dealt with. In the female figure there is much sweetness to give force to her loathing rejection of the glass: there is, nevertheless, an unforgotten theatrical character about the composition, and a carelessness unusual in the works of the painter—as evidence of which we need only instance the very faulty drawing of the boy on the left of the picture. Moreover, it is not matter of congratulation that such an artist should indicate a paucity of inventive faculty by copying himself.

No. 33. 'A Fruit Piece,' R. Colls. Composed of grapes, black and white, with other fruit, and a casket; agreeably arranged, but too freely painted for a subject rendered valuable only by extreme care and delicacy of treatment.

No. 37. 'Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster,' T. Webster, A. This little picture would in its way be a gem in any collection; it is composed of the portraits of the father and mother of the artist, and painted to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The figures are seated close together, and the head of Mrs. Webster is a study unexcelled by any similar effort, ancient or modern.

No. 38. 'The Courier,' R. Farrier. A boy performing the office of village postman; besides his letter-bag he carries at his back a bandbox and other items. The little work is a return to the earlier excellence of the painter.

No. 43. 'The Lady and Child of J. Spencer Smith, Esq.,' F. R. Say. One of the most effective pictures of its class in the Exhibition.

No. 44. 'A Lift on the Way Home,' W. F. Witherington, R.A. A party of Welsh peasants are here returning from market, some of whom are permitted to travel homeward in a cart which stops to receive them. This work is distinctly an improvement upon recent productions of the artist. The scene of the incident is a valley shut in by crags and mountains; and, had these been painted with somewhat more of warmth to support the colouring of the figures, the picture had been much better than it is.

No. 45. 'Evening—Coast of Yorkshire,' A. Clint. A section of the beach shut in by a cliff, beyond the angle of which the sun is hanging over a misty horizon; it is low water, and boats and figures occupy the foreground. There is much truth, and some, perhaps venial, trick in making out the effect. The picture is by no means so simply brilliant as other works by the same hand.

No. 46. 'Ambleteuse, on the French Coast,' J. Wilson. The black squalls of this artist all look as if painted on the spot, and in great haste lest the tempest should "blow over" before he had worked up to the effect. The present view is exemplary of greater patience, as showing something more of detail than usual. It is a calm—most truly felt and worked out—some boats bespread with idle canvas and a few figures are all we have here presented.

No. 47. 'Gipsies Encamped,' A. Gilbert. A close-wooded nook with a pool of water: the gipsies are the least interesting part of the picture. It looks much as if studied from a veritable locality.

No. 48. 'Heloise,' C. L. Eastlake, R.A. This picture is of the highest class of Art—it challenges comparison with the works of the greatest masters. The figure is seated, loosely attired in a robe of bright crimson silk, and holds a book on which the right hand rests, but from which the face is raised and turned towards the right shoulder. There is no trick of shadow, the light is that of broad day, with just as much of gradation as the daylight gives for the rounding of the features; the whole is most unshrinkingly brought forward with the most triumphant effect of brilliancy. The life and presence of the figure impress the spectator deeply, and he is led into communion with the mind which is written in the face, insomuch as to be lifted beyond hearing of the voice of our grosser nature. The head is the result of deep thought and intense study; each feature has been separately and carefully canvassed, and thus been made to contribute to that which is the essence of didactic art. In style the picture inclines to the German school, but without anything of German harshness or hardness of outline. It brings to mind also some of the daylight pictures of the Italian masters, as for instance the Flora of Titian in the Florentine Gallery. The work is unquestionably as near perfection as any work of Art can be. It is one of the British glories of the nineteenth century.

No. 49. 'Espartero Duque de la Victoria,' J. Partridge. This is one of the best portraits we have seen by this painter. It is full-length, with much severe earnestness of purpose in the features.

No. 56. 'The Lady of Colonel Michael and Children,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. The works of this lady are full of life and spirit; these

* This appears almost incredible; but it will be recollected that annually the number rejected at the British Institution has been as great as, or greater than, the number hung on its walls.

figures are admirably rounded and substantial.

No. 58. 'Prince Rupert routing the Besiegers at Newark, on the Morning of the 22nd of March, 1644,' A. Cooper, R.A. The main incident is a combat between two horsemen, one mounted on a grey horse and the other on a black. The horses, as usual, are finely portrayed, while the cavaliers are not so well cared for, the face of him on the black horse being markedly out of drawing. Numerous horsemen are also seen variously disposed in the background.

No. 60. 'A Rapid Stream,' F. Creswick. A river evidently swollen to a broad volume in the winter, but now shrunk within a groove, as it were, worn in its rocky bed down which it pursues its course, overshaded by trees such as can find support on the almost bare rocks which rise on the sides of the bed. Nothing can excel the truth with which the rocks are painted, and we are most happy to observe in the foliage a return to the freshness of nature.

No. 62. 'Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Few artists have studied nature more closely than Turner—but with what profit there is a divided opinion—it is at least agreed on all hands that his enunciation of what he sees is often in a language of mysticism. It is true, here we see the train approaching, and it may be asked why "steam" was thought worthy of being catalogued: this has been done because the artist has deemed it worth while to show steam in opposition to rain.

No. 66. 'Portrait of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Llandaff,' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. Distinguished by all the breadth and clearness of the President's works, although there is a blackness in the shadows which with age will become yet more opaque and hard.

No. 67. 'Portrait of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria,' F. Newenham. This portrait was painted in 1842 for the Junior United Service Club. The Queen is standing, and habited in a crimson velvet robe, open in front, beneath which is seen a dress of white satin; the charm the artist has sought to convey is rather that of grace than dignity: to this, however, the arrangement of the left hand resting on a balustrade does not contribute.

No. 71. 'Portrait of Lady Joddrell,' S. West. A work of considerable merit; skilfully arranged, with a view to set off to best advantage the fair face of a fine woman, and executed with much ability.

No. 72. 'Portrait of the Very Rev. — Bruce Knight, Dean of Llandaff,' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. There is much of reality in this work, which is a half-length, seated. Unusual care has been bestowed upon the accessaries; so much so, that a round table on the left of the composition is brought so forward as to injure the importance of the figure.

No. 73. 'John Knox Reproving the Ladies of Queen Mary's Court,' A. E. Chalon, R.A. It is not to be expected that this gentleman, having devoted his life to the practice of another line of Art, could at once distinguish himself in historical narrative. This production will, therefore, be regarded as a mere *capriccio*, which the friends of the painter had rather see any where else than in the prominent position it occupies. John Knox, after having reproved the Queen, and left her "bubbling and greeting," is now admonishing "her four Lady Maries." But the great preacher is here reduced to something below the level of an ill-enacted *Shylock*; and, indeed, nothing more favourable can be said of any of the other characters. In the manner of the picture there is a nervous affectation of dash which displays weakness rather than force.

No. 75. * * * F. Williams. Instead of a title a vapid quotation is printed after the name, according to which we are to consider that the girl we here see with her back turned towards us, and looking from a window, "once has loved." All that can be said in the case is, that the figure is well dealt with as to the effect of moonlight.

No. 76. 'Richard Creed, Esq.' H. W. Phillips. The breadths of flesh tone in this portrait have been left clear and brilliant; but there is yet a slight severity in some of the lines.

No. 78. 'A Stiff Breeze,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. The stiff breeze we may presume to be off the land, since there is but little motion in the water. All who look upon this picture must confess themselves charmed first by its admirable simplicity, and next by its severe truth. The only objects presented are something like a Rotterdam *schuyt*; and in the middle distance a ship of the line putting about to stand off the land. The exquisite painter "runs free" with Backhuysen and Vandevelde, and outsails both on their own misty Zuyder Zee. The spectator is deeply impressed with the truth of this picture: the gentle surging of the water acted upon by the wind uniform from a given point, the beautiful gradation of distance, and the respirable atmosphere are all points, any one of which would give value to a work of this kind. The veritable simplicity of nature in painting is, in these days of gaud and tinsel, a virtue of rare occurrence.

No. 79. 'The Lord Forester,' F. Grant, A. This is a full-length portrait, and the subject is presented in peer's robes. The work is by no means distinguished by the qualities which mark the female portraits by the same hand.

No. 83. 'The Hon. Mrs. Adeane,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. This is not a stiff-dress portrait. The lady is seated and habited in a flowered satin robe, and wears on her shoulders a slight covering of black lace. The pose is easy and graceful to a degree.

No. 84. 'Sir Walter Scott and his Youngest Daughter,' Sir W. Allan, R.A. We may presume them to be in a cabinet at Abbotsford, since the wall is hung with relic specimens of ancient weapons. The lady is seated at a table writing, while Sir Walter, who is standing, seems to be dictating. This is intended for a portrait of Scott as he was but shortly previous to his decease; the character of rapid thought and keen observation is gone; for these the artist has successfully substituted a tone of deep reflection.

No. 85. 'Sheep-washing—Scene in Devonshire,' H. J. Boddington. The "scene" is a river side, shaded by luxuriant trees. There is much improvement in the works of this artist. The picture is a successful imitation of nature.

No. 86. 'Yorick and the Fille de Chambre,' T. H. Wilson. Although two persons are mentioned, but one appears. It is the fille de chambre, with her bandbox, waiting on the landing of the stairs. There is much to praise in the impersonation. The model has been at once "seized," and effectively brought forward; but she is not sufficiently French for those who have seen and studied the reality in its own sphere of action.

No. 87. 'Returning from Deer-stalking,' A. Cooper, R.A. This is a small picture: but in it we find many of those objections removed which we have felt and expressed with regard to other pictures by the same artist. The incident is one very frequently painted. The scene is a mountainous region in Scotland, and the deer-stalker with his pony, bearing a buck, are carefully descending the rocky path. The composition is altogether unaffected, and the ground, rocks, and sky are painted with due reference to fact.

No. 88. 'The Violet Seller,' S. Webster. A study of great merit; very simple in style; but treated with due attention to nature. It is eloquent in character, containing an irresistible appeal to sympathy.

No. 95. * * * A. E. Chalon, R.A. "And Herod and his men of war set Him at nought and mocked him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe." Thus, the subject is a passage in the life of our Saviour, who alone constitutes the picture, if we may except a few heads dimly visible in the background. The picture is an absurd and most meagre allusion to the subject rather than a creditable attempt at composition. In an obvious anxiety for the nude, the figure is left uncovered, while round the neck is seen a cord, to which is attached behind "the gorgeous robe," falling in stiff damask folds more unmanageable than a Lely curtain. The work is otherwise faulty. The execution is lamentably poor; but, as a portrait of the Saviour, it is a libel, offensive to Christians and injurious to Christianity, inasmuch as it depicts "the man" without in the least degree calling to mind the Deity.

No. 96. 'Scene from "Comus"—Sabrina the nymph releases the Lady from the enchanted chair,' D. Maclise, R.A. This is an example of vast fecundity of imagination, seconded by great power of hand: it is not, however, without its errors, and what these are, is instantly felt by the spectator. We cannot estimate such subjects according to the qualities we demand in social scenes: had it been treated in this feeling it would have been a marked failure. The observer, therefore, would exact something widely different, but without being able to describe his idea, and without knowing how far painting could follow it out. This picture may, therefore, be pronounced too "sculpturesque," and, perhaps, this may be termed an oversight of the artist: it will also be called brilliant, but cold. There is sufficient ground for such observations, and it seems to have been the care of the artist that it should be "sculpturesque." A close attention to the colour will show that the painter reverses the recipe for warm brilliancy: his principal figure is cold and bright, and the extremities of his group are low warm tones. But we have not space to observe at length on all the purposes of the work: the main object has been to make the picture like a scene of enchantment or rather disenchantment; and he has succeeded by this very coldness, for, had there been anything more of mortal warmth in it, the effect must of necessity have been impaired or lost. The design was intended for execution in fresco (it is one of the decorations of the Queen's summer house), and shows the nymph in the act of sprinkling the drops on the lady which are to undo the charm. The background is the dark sky of night, and the entire scene is presided over by the dew-distilling stars. The character of many of the heads is beautiful to a degree. It is admirable in composition and grouping—and all the accessories are carefully studied. The chair is a model of ingenious design. In short, although not, perhaps, the best work of Maclise, it is unquestionably a work of high genius.

No. 101. 'The Way over the Hill,' T. Creswick, A. A rugged and stony path over the hill-side, and a most curious piece of country to select as the subject of a picture, but showing, nevertheless, what may be done by a close adherence to nature.

No. 102. 'Disappointment,' E. Landseer, R.A. This picture, although one of high merit, exhibits less care than we have been accustomed to observe in the works of the artist. It represents a lady wearing a scarlet mantle trimmed with minever: she is seated, and her features have a melancholy cast, arising, as we may presume, from the non-arrival of some dear friend. A favourite dog sits near her, with his large dark eyes fixed upon her face as if sensible of her grief.

No. 110. 'Mrs. Bowyer Smith,' F. Grant, A. A portrait of much simplicity and elegance: the lady wears a loose morning dress

of lace disposed with much grace, but the hands are drawn too large.

No. 111. 'Morning — Boulogne,' W. Collins, R.A. The composition shows no part of the town, being merely a beach scene at low water looking seaward, the objects being boats and figures. The picture is large, and exhibits the best points of the artist's power.

No. 112. 'Portrait of James Pattison, Esq., M.P.,' J. Linnell. A small half-length most unaffectedly circumstanced; but it is to be observed of the portraits of this artist, that he has but one complexion for subjects of all ages, and that a tolerably stiff glaze of lake and yellow or some such mixture.

No. 114. 'An Interior at West Hill-house, Hastings,' W. Collingwood. A room with ancient furniture, of which the principal item is an *armoire;* a positive triumph in this style of subject. The place is lighted by an ancient window, having the glass cut in geometrical figures; and the admirable effect of the light shows that it has been closely copied from the room itself.

No. 115. 'Portrait of a Lady,' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. A kit-kat presenting a front view of the figure, which is habited in a blue dress, with a black mantle.

No. 116. 'Portrait of R. M. Jaques, Esq.,' T. Phillips, R.A. This portrait was executed for the Farmers' Club of Richmond, in Yorkshire. It is a three-quarter length, painted in the artist's best manner—the head especially is felicitously drawn; the features are highly "argumentative."

No. 121. 'Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Ryan, late Chief Justice in Bengal,' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. A full-length portrait, painted for the inhabitants of Calcutta. The figure is habited in scarlet robes, trimmed with ermine, and accompanied by accessories effectively distributed, and substantially painted. The head looks small, but this may constitute a feature of resemblance.

No. 122. 'An Italian Port—Sunrise,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. This is a composition, but we have seen something like portions of it in pictures of Genoa. The spectator is placed upon a terrace, with palaces on his left, and a few trees on the right, with a centre prospective over the open sea, beyond which the rays of the sun are piercing the morning mist. The work is highly valuable, but it is not characterized by the charm which has fixed us in admiration before other similar works by the same hand.

No. 123. 'The Backbiter,' W. Etty, R.A. The artist would be facetious, but we cannot laugh with him at a joke so dull. The "backbiter" is a huge green snake, about to "backbite" a nymph sleeping in an exposed position on the grass. She is, by the way, the most graceless of all the model train, being but a class study—*bis coctum*—and made into a picture in fellowship with a green snake. We tremble not for her safety, for, by a strange mistake, the artist has made the reptile one of the harmless kind, and a specimen new to zoologists.

No. 127. 'Happy Hours,' W. D. Kennedy. A somewhat long picture, having for its subject some Italian peasants resting in the shade. The materials are simple, and they are treated accordingly, and with much sweetness in the colour and judgment in the dispositions.

No. 128. 'The Whistonian Controversy,' W. Mulready, R.A. The excellence of this picture is that of the very highest order of the *genre* class. The spectator is first struck by its brilliancy, so uniformly supported, yet so unobtrusive. There are two principal figures, the one seated, and the other leaning over a small table, covered with a cloth of the richest hues, and painted in a manner that would have enraptured Maes himself. The depth and earnestness of the argument is powerfully and pointedly described, and in a manner to give such value to the picture as to rate it a gem in whatever collection it may be placed. On the whole it may be pronounced the best work of this year's production. It cannot fail to augment a reputation already high, if not of the very highest.

No. 129. 'Morning—an Italian Scene,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. A composition, constituted of a bridge stretched over a smooth and limpid river, in the foreground beyond which is seen the sea and a rocky coast, which, from the middle portion of the picture, retires into remote distance, that lies

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

No. 130. * * * W. Etty, R.A. The author of this picture affords us no title; we will, however, give it one, and call it 'A Magdalen,' for such is the subject. She is half draped, like the Townley Venus, but here ends the comparison. We are positively weary of these unchaste and ill-drawn figures, which Mr. Etty throws off his easel in such numbers. Why are his pictures "at home" so much inferior to his two exquisite productions at the Institution?

No. 132. 'Brush, a Retriever, the property of Sir James Flower, Bart., M.P.,' A. Cooper, R.A. The dog is extremely well drawn, but the painting of his coat has given it the appearance of being wet. We have to complain also of the sky, which reminds us of Bassano's, as being green.

No. 133. 'Portrait of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.,' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. One of the best heads we have of late seen by the President. The resemblance, however, is that of twenty years ago. Great care is evident in the colouring of the work.

No. 135. 'Portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,' J. Lucas. The subject is drawn at three-quarter length, standing, and the resemblance is readily recognisable.

No. 139. 'Portrait of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin,' M. J. Crowley. This portrait is placed too high, but nevertheless it is obvious that great diligence has been employed in its execution. It seems to be accurately drawn, but the character of the archiepiscopal dress, and the light background, give to the figure somewhat of effeminacy.

No. 140. 'Portrait of a Lady,' J. Watson Gordon, A. The lady is presented in a riding-habit, a most unbecoming costume for a merely half-length portrait; such as it is, however, with the formal hat and heavy unrelieved jacket and skirt, the artist makes the most of it.

No. 141. 'Seaford, Sussex,' W. Collins, R.A. A coast scene, viewed from a break in the cliff, which is occupied by a group of three children, rigging their mimic ships. Hence we look down upon the sea and the entire strand as it rounds the bay to a distant headland. It will be observed of this picture that the line of water meets the sand in a manner too hard. This may be intended to show the tide flowing, but it is yet too severe. The group in the foreground is peculiarly happy—one of the artist's most felicitous copies of simple facts.

No. 142. 'Sir Walter Scott, in his early days, dining with one of the Blue-gown Beggars of Edinburgh,' A. Fraser. "The mutton was excellent; so were the potatoes and whiskey," says the quotation from "Lockhart's Life of Scott;" true to the letter of which, the artist has placed upon the table a leg of mutton and a dish of potatoes, served in their jackets, which have been cracked in the boiling. We admit the difficulty of carrying the imagination back to even the youth of those whose faces are most familiar to us, but whom we may not have known in their spring-time. It is most difficult to fancy the white hair black, and the face full and round that is now chased by the graver of years. This is more difficult than to form a posthumous bust from indifferent portraits: we are not, therefore, disappointed at not finding in this picture a portrait of Scott in his youth, wherein could be recognised some relation to his old age. It is here forgotten that the mould of certain of the features does not change until the late period of the shrinking of the entire frame. The interior presents nothing of the wretchedness associable in idea with ordinary beggary. We can readily suppose that in early years an engagement with the blue-gown beggar was one he would not have forgotten, although in his anxious latter years, as he himself said, Lady Scott recorded all his engagements, affectingly adding, "Sed quis custodiet ipsam custodem?"

No. 145. 'The Intercepted Billet,' W. Mulready, R.A. A small picture composed of two heads,—one that of an Italian noble of the palmy days of Venetian bravoism; the other that of his servant, who has just delivered to him a bouquet and a billet, intended for any hands rather than his. He clenches the flowers, and his eye is fixed in a muttered vow of vengeance. The style of the story is lucid and emphatic.

No. 146. 'The Cardinal,' W. Etty, R.A. A small and admirable head, but a painful misnomer, unless the artist may intend it to represent a character from Dante's College of Hypocrites. If the red cape were painted out, and any other appropriate style of habiliment substituted, the wearer would sufficiently well represent a chief of banditti.

No. 147. 'The Catechist—Church of St. Onofrio, Rome, the Burial-place of Tasso,' W. Collins, R.A. This is among the best of the late productions of the painter; a benevolent-looking monk is hearing one or two children their catechism, while the mother sits apart, gratified at the ready responses. It is to be regretted that such striking resemblances exist between the children in all the pictures of this artist: in the present they are painted with the utmost sweetness of character, but they have the blue eyes of the north.

No. 149. 'An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's Return,' H. M. Anthony. She is seated near the fire, which is burning on the floor of the hut, throughout which are strewed numerous household items. In the style of the picture there is a vacancy and affectation, and its flatness and want of depth are destructive of all agreeable effect; moreover, we cannot bear testimony to the truth in treatment the subject has received.

No. 151. 'Gipsies,' H. Pilkington. It is most singular that, in a subject so continually brought forward, so little attention is given to the real and peculiar traits of these people. The features of the figures in this work are anything but those of the sibyl priestesses.

No. 152. 'A Subject from "Comus," a portion of a scene described by the Attendant Spirit in the latter part of the poem,' W. Etty, R.A. Here there is a company of ladies whom we must consider as the daughters of *Hesperus*,

"That sing about the golden tree."

It is a sketch for an intended fresco (to replace, we presume, the one painted in the Queen's summer-house). In considering this composition we are first struck by the extremely careless drawing everywhere prevalent, again by the total absence of grace in the Hesperides, and again by the extravagance of the entire composition. There are some passages of much beauty in the sketch, and we know that this painter has the power of executing a work composed entirely of beauties; but it would appear that we must consider these his waking efforts. The proverb allowed Homer to sleep sometimes, but it is to be feared that the slumbers of Mr. Etty are mesmeric dozings.

No. 156. 'The Raising of the Daughter of

Jairus,' E. U. Eddis. This is what is called a gallery picture, being composed of many life-sized figures. It is very unassuming in treatment, the artist having very properly dwelt on the sentiment and motive of the persons. The daughter of Jairus is here younger than she is generally painted, and does not come up to the term "damsel," by which Christ addresses her. Many of the heads are judiciously drawn, but they are all too European for such a subject. The head of the girl is, however, a triumph —true to Nature and to Art.

No. 161. 'Beatrice,' T. Bridgford. A cleverly executed portrait, manifesting considerable talent and judgment; but by no means recalling to memory the *Beatrice* of the immortal poet.

No. 164. 'Shylock,' J. Pemell. The character of the head is too elevated for *Shylock*. It is too much the practice to make a study and then to give it a name, which seems to have been done in this case.

No. 165. 'Girl with Parrot,' D. Maclise, R.A. She is drawn holding the parrot on her hand, and accompanied by a dog; but by some oversight there is a forward movement given to the figure which is not communicated to the dog, nor apparently to the parrot. The picture is in an oval frame, and the young lady is surrounded by accessaries, which have too much the appearance of "hedging her in."

No. 170. 'Chapel in the Church of St. Jean, at Caen, Lower Normandy,' D. Roberts, R.A. A subject of much beauty and interest; one that has been frequently painted for the exhibitions at Paris, as well as for our own. The altar, with its furniture and altar-piece, is brought forward as the striking feature of the composition, and scarcely less beautiful are the painted windows with their subdued and almost blending tint. It is a Sunday, or at least a market-day, as we learn from the holiday head-dresses of the women. Mr. Roberts maintains his supremacy in this style. No living artist—of England at all events—can approach him.

No. 171. 'Portrait of T. R. Jefferson, Esq.,' T. Phillips, R.A. By no means a good subject for a "telling portrait." The subject looks ill at ease, although it may be believed that the painter has made the most of it.

No. 176. 'The Marchioness of Waterford,' F. Grant, A.R.A. A full-length dress portrait presenting the lady standing with her hand resting on a console. After a close observation of this gentleman's large portraits, we cannot find them in anywise comparable to his smaller works—so many of which are of the highest value.

No. 177. 'Jubal,' H. Howard, R.A. The subject is derived from Dryden's song for St. Cecilia's Day—

> "When Jubal struck the corded shell,
> His list'ning brethren stood around," &c.

The work is composed of many figures; and we can look with indulgence on the failing efforts of a veteran in art, who, did he concentrate his powers on smaller works of one or two figures, would more easily avoid the errors to which he is exposed in larger productions.

No. 178. 'Lingiglia and Alasco—Maritime Alps,' W. Linton. A view of a very picturesque coast, but somewhat tamely treated, being deficient of force in the foreground.

No. 180. 'Charles II. à New Shoreham, après la Bataille de Worcester,' C. Jacquand. The story is that of Charles blessing the fisherman's children. It is an open scene on the beach—the time is evening, and the smallest remnant of the disc of the setting sun is just visible above the horizon. Charles looks, of course, pale and jaded, but too old: he is in the act of complying with the prayer of the fisherman's wife, and at the same time urged by the man himself to hasten his departure. The narrative is simply given, and the effect of the red light on the figures skilfully managed; but in the painting of the seashore every propriety is outraged—in this there is not one passage of truth.

No. 182. 'Portrait of W. Charles Macready, Esq.,' the late H. P. Briggs, R.A. A right good picture, and an exceedingly impressive likeness. It may be considered as the latest work of Mr. Briggs, by whom it was left unfinished.

No. 187. 'The Day after the Wreck—a Dutch East Indiaman on shore in the Ooster Schelde: Zierikzee in the distance,' C. Stanfield, R.A. The author of this wonderful picture accomplishes in it the *ne plus* of Art; as long as painting shall be valued for its unison with the divine melody of mysterious nature, so long must the work hold a foremost place among productions of its class. It is larger than those usually exhibited by the painter; and the subject, although simple, is yet of a kind suited either for a large or a small composition. We have nothing to do with the beach; the whole ground-surface of the picture is an expanse of water, and the painter shows us what he can do with such a subject. The utterly crippled but still majestic hulk, entirely shorn of her spars and cordage, seems to have been lightened, and to be just afloat; her mainmast is standing almost bare, but her fore and mizen masts are gone within a few feet of the deck; boats are out lending assistance, and one—the nearest object in the picture—is fishing one of the masts. The glory of the picture is the learning shown in the treatment of the water, which is yet chafing with somewhat of the unsubsided fury of the day before. Could we conceal the glimpse of the distant shore, the boats, the costume of the mariners, and even the broken ship herself, we see by the colour of the water and the formation of the waves that the shore is at hand, that we have the ground at a very few fathoms; and the appearances here are all as distinct from the deep-water sea-room of the North Sea as the immediate local colour of the latter is from that of the Mediterranean. *Water can have no shadow*; any deep tone it may yield is the result of reflection. This grand and manifest truth is the principle whereon we see all Mr. Stanfield's seas painted; and this, together with an unshrinkingly just appreciation of form, wins unbounded admiration of the philosophical demonstrations of his works.

No. 188. 'Charles I. à Holmby,' C. Jacquand. Another work by the French artist who painted Charles II. embarking at Shoreham; but the picture is in every respect much superior. The King is seated at table, and the likeness is very accurate; Joyce, a most insolent-looking impersonation, is in the act of throwing aside a curtain, and is supposed to be pointing to the soldiers by whom he is accompanied. The arrangement is very bad, for we cannot believe that the King can see Joyce where the latter is standing.

No. 190. 'Portrait of the Rev. Sir Charles Farneby, Bart.,' Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A. The subject is habited in clerical robes, disposed in a manner to give importance to the figure. The address of the countenance abounds with animation and intelligence.

No. 196. 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' J. G. Middleton. She is presented at full length, standing and playing with a cockatoo. There is much natural simplicity, and some originality, in the style of this work—qualities highly appreciable in female portraiture of the present day.

No. 197. 'In the Cathedral at Modena during the Elevation of the Host,' S. A. Hart, R.A. The elevation of the host takes place at an inner altar, which is strongly lighted by the morning sun while the principal portion of the interior is left in shadow. There is, undoubtedly, great accuracy in the effect, but there is also a looseness in the style of execution which sinks the work to the level of a sketch. In the near part of the composition there are many figures bent in devotion; but how mechanically correct soever they may be in distinctive nationalities, we yet want something of that grace, be it playful or severe, homely or refined, which never fails in a true transcript from nature.

No. 200. 'Evening,' J. Wilson, Jun. We are apprehensive that this young artist will lose himself amid the feeble stippling niceties of "finish;" his attention is decidedly more given to his grass than to the cows—making this part of his work rather like enamel than oil painting. The next picture (No. 201, 'Landscape and Cattle') is better in its effect, but is still marked by objectionable parts, arising from what is falsely assumed to be care.

No. 202. 'Jairus' Daughter Raised,' W. Poncia. A production that has cost the artist much trouble, which he has bestowed in giving the figures the appearance of being cut out and pasted on a dark ground. In the dresses of his figures he would seem to insist that we now know no more of oriental history than our ancestors did three centuries ago.

No. 203. 'A Scene taken from the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio,' J. J. Chalon, R.A. It would appear that in this picture the artist has had in view the villa, a short distance from Florence, on the road to Fiesole, said to be the real retreat of the ten during the plague. The five cavaliers and their fair ladies are variously disposed round a fountain, the centre of a small circular *cour ornée* shut in with trim hedges, orange trees, and flowering shrubs. Now, there is in this picture some improvement on the extravagant style of recent pictures exhibited by the artist; but it is of little value, considered in reference either to conception or execution.

No. 204. 'Portrait of Matthew Prime Lucas, Esq., Alderman, President of the Free Watermen and Lightermen's Asylum,' J. P. Knight, R.A. elect. This is an excellent portrait of a man well stricken in years, and every part of the person corresponds with the age of the features, which are distinguished by life and intelligence.

No. 205. 'Portrait of the Countess of Blessington,' Comte d'Orsay. The countess is standing, examining a picture on an easel; and so perfect is the resemblance that the insertion of the name was unnecessary. The picture possesses very high merit as a work of Art.

No. 209. 'Portrait of a Lady,' W. Gush. This is merely a head and bust; but it is coloured and drawn in a manner to give it much reality.

No. 210. 'Diffidence,' R. Hannah. A study of infinite truth and power, being a girl, life-size, in a grey cloak, ringing a door-bell for the purpose of delivering a letter. Her diffidence is expressed by the hesitating way in which she pulls the bell; but the value of the work consists in the admirable management of the light, and the perfect relief of the figure, and the fidelity of imitation given to the texture of the draperies and accessories.

No. 211. 'John proclaiming the Messiah the Morning after the Baptism,' T. Uwins, R.A. The group consists of John, Andrew, and the nameless disciple, who occupy the foreground, while the Saviour is at a little distance, and is announced by John in the words, "Behold the Lamb of God!" On the head of Christ is what we may suppose the light of the Spirit, whence is deduced the effect of the picture. The figure of John, upon the right of the composition, is commanding and expressive, and those of the two adoring disciples show sufficiently the import of the declaration. This is the most valuable production this accomplished painter has of late years exhibited. He has caught the very spirit of the text. It

is singular that a subject so peculiarly calculated for Art should have so long escaped the notice of the artist. But Mr. Uwins is a scholar as well as a painter, and when he selects a theme for his pencil recurs to other books than exhibition catalogues.

No. 212. 'Sketch from Nature,' E. J. Corbett. Merely a grass field of uneven surface, shut in by hedges and trees; but so faithful in colour and gradation of tone as to show that the simplest materials, rendered literally, are, at least, interesting.

No. 213. 'Lane Scene, Durham — Frosty Morning,' J. M. Richardson. A remarkably accurate copy of nature;—painted with considerable care and skill, as well as truth.

No. 214. 'On the Rhone, near Avignon,' W. Linton. This view seems to be taken from the north or north-east of the city, which lies in the distance, so that we see only the ancient papal palace. The Rhone in its broad volume lies below the spectator; but, warm and dry as we know the soil of this country to be in summer, the artist has failed to convey its character in his treatment of the foreground.

No. 215. 'A Devonshire Lane,' F. R. Lee, R.A. A somewhat large picture; the foreground of which is flooded with the clear water of a little brook, which is painted with too much colour for the truth of reflection. The lane is carried forward in perspective, overshaded by tall trees; but it does not look so inviting as many of the "alleys green" we have seen by the same painter. On the left of the composition is a glimpse of open country, which does not enhance its value.

No. 216. 'Cupid,' T. Duncan, A. Cupid is here seen hovering under the shade of a tree, and is about to discharge an arrow at the spectator. The conceit is a very old one, and there is nothing in this version of it to give it a new interest.

No. 217. 'Magpie Island, near Henley-upon-Thames—Early Morning,' J. Tennant. This work is placed very high; many much worse productions are ranged in more favourable positions. It is evident, even at such a distance, that the picture is one of considerable merit, but its details are not discernible.

No. 221. 'Motherly Fears,' F. S. Cary. A touching picture, exhibiting skill in execution, and good matter in treatment; but the figure is somewhat awkwardly bent.

No. 222. 'Confidence,' R. Hannah. A pendant to a precedent work, entitled 'Diffidence;' but the feeling of the composition has less sentiment, although the narrative is as finished in its style. We have here a boy, who, in discharging the office of postman in the country, whistles aloud while pulling a door-bell with such "confidence" as almost to carry off the handle in his grasp. This is not less successful than the other, but it is less interesting.

No. 226. 'Portrait of a Lady,' R. R. Reinagle, R.A. This portrait is marked by the extreme of bad taste; had its personal style been better, there had yet been much wanting in execution to render it a work of merit.

No. 227. 'The Sempstress,' R. Redgrave, A. This subject is supplied by Mr. Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" whence we have the verse which accompanies the title:—

> "O, men, with sisters dear!
> O, men, with mothers and wives!
> It is not linen you're wearing out,
> But human creatures' lives!"

It is half-past two o'clock in the morning, and the sempstress is yet at her needle; and, although having plied it during the livelong day, is not yet preparing to betake herself to rest. The story is told in such a way as to approach the best feelings of the human heart: she is not a low-born drudge to proclaim her patient endurance to the vulgar world; her suffering is read only in the shrunken cheek, and the eye feverish and dim with watching. The work bears every evidence of attentive study, and is a worthy illustration of Mr. Hood's verses.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 232. 'Portrait of Rear-Admiral Tait,' J. Watson Gordon, A. This is a picture rather than a portrait. We know nothing of the biography of the Rear-Admiral, but the artist presents him with such a look of salt-water earnestness as would have charmed even Hawser Trunnion of days gone by.

No. 233. 'The Pastime,' R. Rothwell. A young mother playing with her firstborn. A charming composition, treated with considerable skill.

No. 234. 'An Incendiary Fire,' F. R. Lee, R.A. This subject does not come off very happily. The fire is consuming a water-mill, breaking through the thatched roof, and playing over it amid the dark volume of the rising smoke. The wretched inmates have escaped with a few trifles of their household gear, and one or two of them are carrying water with a vain hope of arresting the progress of the flames. Now, it is a picturesque spot, and much rather had we that the artist had painted it in its prosperous tranquillity.

No. 235. 'Milking-time—Cows, the property of Charles Brett, Esq.,' A. D. Cooper. Can there be room for another constellation of the name of Cooper in the milky way? The cows are drawn with some knowledge, but we are unreasonable enough to require something more. We would, therefore, caution the young artist against mannerism in his sky and landscape.

No. 236. 'Rydale Water, Westmoreland,' A. Vickers. A scene of much interest, composed of a breadth of water closed in by trees and high ground, but in colour too cold, and with something of the appearance of having been clipped into shape.

No. 237. 'A Scene on the West Coast of Guernsey,' W. E. Dighton. A work of high merit, constituted of very slight materials, being a mere seashore with a squall coming on, and a woman among the rocks in the foreground looking seaward for the boat of her absent husband. The description is full of impressive truth.

No. 238. 'The Wedding Morning—The Departure,' R. Redgrave, A. A domestic history, narrated in simple but well chosen terms. The agroupment is formed of many figures, the principal of which are the mother, her newly-married daughter, and son-in-law; the first of whom is at last overcome with grief at the departure of her child, who seems to cheer her with an assurance that the separation is only to be temporary; other members of the family also exhibit emotion, and all this is delicately and judiciously made out. The great merit of the work is its refined sentiment, deduced as it is from a class of subjects which so few artists can paint without vulgarizing.

No. 239. 'The Martyrdom of John Brown, of Priesthill, 1685,' T. Duncan, A. This subject is from "Patrick Walker's Life of Peden," a distant and obscure source, considering the admirable passages with which our popular literature abounds. The picture is literally rendered from the quoted passages—"She set the basin on the ground and tied up his head, and straightened his body and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him." The dead man is foreshortened in a manner intended for effect, but the effect is a disagreeable one. Immediately behind the principal figures is a cottage, the perspective of which is not accurate. The picture will not enhance Mr. Duncan's reputation.

No. 240. 'The Sacrifice of Noah,' T. Mogford. This work occupies a high place in the room; near to Noah on the left is a well composed and executed group, but the patriarch himself does not appear to be of them, and this is the main defect of a work which seems otherwise to have some merit.

No. 245. 'Portrait of Charles Pott, Esq.,' S. Lawrence. The subject is an elderly gentleman seated: the head is most skilfully drawn, and the countenance life-like and full of meaning.

No. 248. 'King Joash shooting the "Arrow of Deliverance,"' W. Dyce. A production of great power, and (we say it with much pleasure) of striking originality. The composition is made out of but two figures—Elisha, and Joash the King of Israel: and upon the merits of these figures alone the artist trusts for the value of his work. Joash is kneeling, and has drawn the arrow to its head, as about to shoot it from the "window to the eastward," and behind is Elisha, with his hands outstretched over the King. We could have wished Elisha to have been more marked in character, to have been, as it were, more signal among men—as he should have been whose bones even had the power of restoring life. The drawing of the two figures is most perfect; but it is not sufficiently remembered that at this time Elisha was sick of the malady of which he died. He is not only old in face, but age is marked in his person, and particularly, as it should be, in his hands. We have long contended for Oriental character as a propriety in Scriptural art; and we are rejoiced to be enabled to point to a triumphant example of what we mean in these figures, especially in the King, in whom is assembled the best personal points of the Oriental—as he now is and as he was in the days of Solomon. Joash wears a girdle and short drapery, precisely in the manner of the figures in the Egyptian relics, a circumstance showing research after authorities for costume; without which an artist can never accomplish truth. In fine, this picture ranks high among the most original works we have ever seen; and is honourable to British Art, as one of the few really grand productions of our school.

No. 249. 'Pilgrimage to Mecca,' F. Biard. The artist is a member of the French school, and those who only occasionally see his works will recognise in this picture a very decided change of style. The canvas is crowded with pilgrims of every caste and hue of the eastern Mussulman population; and all this is well enough; but in the movement of the entire caravan there is a want of life and spirit, which deprives the work of all the interest which should have been made to attach to such a scene. In execution the work is extremely dry, hard, and toneless.

No. 250. * * * W. S. P. Henderson. A small picture, representing a female figure in a deep reverie leaning against the huge bole of a beech-tree. The little work is agreeable in colour and effect.

No. 253. 'Van Tromp, going about to please his Masters, ships a Sea, getting a good Wetting,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. It often happens, in the pictures of this artist, that the professed subject constitutes the least remarkable feature on the canvas. We see here a boat carrying a full spread of canvas, going so many knots, and with certain indications of shipping a sea at her quarter, where we must suppose Van Tromp to be standing. We cannot admit Mr. Turner's accuracy here; he ought, for the sake of general probability, to have placed Van Tromp at the bow of his boat. Again we would ask, as this event must have taken place in the North Sea, why does not the artist make a difference between Dutch and Venetian scenery, or at least the seas and skies of these widely-apart countries?

No. 257. 'A Lady,' T. H. Illidge. This is a full-length portrait, worked up in every part into a near approach to reality. The lady wears a crimson velvet robe over a satin slip, and is, upon the whole, somewhat too much *costumée*;

but the work is, nevertheless, one of high merit in all respects.

No. 258. 'A Patriarch,' W. Collins, R.A. An old man, life-sized, and draped judiciously for broad effect. The head, face, and grizzled beard have been studied to good purpose; in short, although not altogether in the style of the artist, the work is one of the best of his recent productions.

No. 259. 'The Pedlar,' T. Webster. He is displaying his stock to two country girls and their mother: one of the former he is tempting to the purchase of a small glass by a display of her own features in it; the other is narrowly examining a white scarf. The subject is commonplace, but it is treated with much natural feeling.

No. 260. 'A Persian Gentleman receiving a Letter, while his Servant waits with his Kallahan or Smoking Apparatus,' S. A. Hart, R.A. This is a small work, but superior to most of the pictures recently exhibited by this artist. The head of the Persian is carefully painted, and the production altogether is so much preferable in style to others with which we cannot help comparing it, that we should not say it was by the same hand.

No. 261. 'Sunset, on the Gelt, Cumberland,' W. Blacklock. A well-selected subject, painted with much firmness and natural effect.

No. 262. 'Nymphs Dancing,' W. E. Frost. A production rich with mellow and harmonious colour: one of the nymphs is dancing, surrounded by her companions seated on the grass, forming groups, with some admirably drawn brown faun-like figures. There is yet a charm in this kind of poetry when it approaches at all the spirit of the classics.

No. 263. 'Portrait of Miss Flora Billasis, in an Indian dress of a Parsee Girl,' A. Geddes, A. The dress is of red silk, and the head is covered with a cap resembling that worn by Greek women. The costume tells well here from the judicious treatment it has received at the hands of the artist.

No. 264. 'Palpitation,' C. W. Cope. The receipt of letters is at all times a home subject of anxiety to the female bosom. Here, we may presume the little hope indulged under circumstances not uncommon to young ladies. There is an outside and an inside to the picture—inside, that is within the door which is ajar, we see a young lady anxiously waiting the answer about to be given by the postman to the servant inquiring for letters. The extreme anxiety pictured in the girl's countenance enlists the best wishes of the spectator on her side—he shares her solicitude: and this is a good criterion of the excellence of the picture.

No. 265. '"Tis but Fancy's Sketch,' W. Etty, R.A. A work of infinite beauty, composed of five nymphs making an open-air toilette, and binding their hair with flowers. The colour in this production, which is not large, is abundantly rich without being obtrusive, and the impersonations much superior to others on these walls by the same artist, some of which are characterized by coarseness and vulgarity. In the heads here there are beauty and variety, and in the figures ease and grace. No other work of Mr. Etty, in the Exhibition, is at all comparable to it—indeed, but few that he has of late years produced. Mr. Etty has misquoted the passage which gives a title to his picture. Moreover, it occurs, not in an "old song," but in a modern poem by a living writer.

No. 266. 'Portrait of Miss Ward,' G. Patten, A. The lady is leaning on a bank, simply attired; but the dress is too much cut up for good effect, and the face looks somewhat out of drawing.

No. 267. 'Portrait of Sir James Flower, Bart., M.P.,' J. Simpson. A gentleman in a military uniform, drawn at half length, standing, and otherwise simply treated; the head is forcibly drawn, and well coloured.

No. 271. 'Portrait of W. R. Ramsay, Esq.,' J. Watson Gordon. The figure is presented in a red coat and other items necessary to complete the hunting costume; but it assuredly could not have been the choice of the artist to circumstance his subject in a manner telling so much to his disadvantage.

No. 272. 'Coming Events cast their Shadows before,' E. Landseer, R.A. It is not very clear how the discourse is intended to illustrate the text. The scene at first conveys the idea of a winter in a northern region; but then there is a lake, and that is not frozen. However, the story is of a stag that has come down the shore of the lake, where he stands in expectation of the landing of another stag which is swimming over; his head and gallant antlers are seen. The animals have defied each other from the opposite banks, and he that is waiting on the shore is loudly repeating his challenge. The effect is that of moonlight, but the moon does not appear in the picture. There is, consequently, a shadow cast by the stag; but if this be the only allusion to the proverb, it is not a happy illustration; if any other be intended it must be yet less so. With respect to the scene—the first impression it conveys to the mind is that of a frigid sunless region; but this is contradicted by the water and the impress of the animal's footsteps on the shore. If, therefore, the work proposes merely a moonlight night in the Highlands of Scotland, in this view the argument is unquestionably ill-grounded. Still, with these few and comparatively unimportant drawbacks, the picture is a noble and a beautiful one, and will rank among the highest of its class that has been produced in this country or in any other, at any time.

No. 273. 'Beggars of the Roman Campagna,' E. V. Rippingille. Two females with children, and not in the immediate exercise of their ancient and honoured vocation. We do not, therefore, hear "Un quattrino per l'amor di Dio," for they are lying at length and leisure, abiding their time and their patrons. The figures are highly characteristic, and closely descriptive of the parties.

No. 275. 'Children of Sonnino, Italy,' E. V. Rippingille. The one standing and the other sitting by a fountain—always a picturesque object in Italian scenery. There is an originality in this and in the preceding work which must strike even ordinary observers, and a truth in the general representations which cannot fail to interest all to whom Italy and its inhabitants may be in anywise known.

No. 276. * * * C. W. Cope. The subject of this picture is the last verse in St. Matthew of Christ's charge to his disciples: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward." Many figures are thrown into the composition, and of these some are endowed with moving eloquence; but the entire character of the work is not of a cast sufficiently elevated for the text—presenting to the mind rather a scene of daily charity than realizing the spirit of the verse. We admire the work in composition, drawing, and effect, but not as a translation from Scripture.

No. 277. 'Scene from "Undine,"' D. Maclise, R.A. "Undine, passing through the enchanted forest, encounters the wood-demon Kuhelborn. The young knight Huldbrand protects her from his fury and from the malice of the gnomes." Undine is mounted on a horse, and Huldbrand is in the act of drawing his sword in her defence against the dark and fearful apparition that seems hovering over her. This is a small picture, rich in its main conception, and most appositely redundant in its details. Undine's path through the forest is beset with gnomes above, lurking in each branch, and below behind every stone; and the arrangement alone of these grotesque figures would be a sufficient task for an imagination of considerable power. The composition is entirely in the spirit of German poetry, and somewhat more than we like in that of German painting; but this is an affectation in which this accomplished artist can afford to indulge.

No. 278. 'Maternal Love,' G. Patten. A mother and her two children, both boys, one of whom, while she caresses the other, has much the appearance of being about to fall head foremost to the ground. The picture is consequently a misnomer; a loving mother would be more careful of her child. The colour of the picture is rich and glowing, like the manner of some of the old masters.

No. 279. 'Portrait of Peyton Blakiston, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the College of Physicians, Physician to the Birmingham General Hospital,' W. C. T. Dobson. A portrait of very high merit. The figure is standing, and wears a red robe, beneath which is seen the ordinary dress. The head, for its roundness and expression, is a most successful study—such a one as we rarely see equalled.

No. 285. 'Maternal Affection,' H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. These are portraits treated as a picture: the lady wears a Greek dress, and the whole has somewhat of a scenic air. It is, nevertheless, highly pleasing; and the work is painted with a rich effect.

No. 286. 'The Thames near Gravesend,' A. Vickers. There is something solid and earnest in the execution of this work. The view is low on the canvas, like the banks of the river in some of the innumerable reaches below Gravesend. The tide is running up, and bearing with it a sloop and some other vessels. The water is agitated by a strong breeze, but neither the vessels nor the trees sustain this effect—an oversight, injuring the value of the picture.

No. 287. 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark,' C. Landseer, A.R.A. This is a subject requiring talent of the highest class to bring it forward in the manner here attempted. The interior of the ark is presented—reminding us of a well-found travelling menagerie; indeed it is painful to see labour so ill bestowed as it is in this picture. Of the thousand and one ways of delivering a narrative this artist has taken the driest and most matter-of-fact. Noah and his family are disposed without purpose or effect; the dove has just returned, and the olive branch is pointed out to him by one of his sons. In the character of the figures there is nothing that is not hourly before the public eye; they are, in short, drawn as if Noah and his children had been natives of these islands, with complexions toned by modern habits of life. We might swear that we know the "sitters" every one—the models that answer for all nations, the Ethiopian only excepted. This is a deplorable evil, but one grievously common; the artist often seeming to care nothing whatever for truth, considering prettiness of effect infinitely more "saleable" than accuracy. The plan may answer very well in delineating objects of still life; Mr. Charles Landseer may paint over and over again his carved cabinet, his iron jewel-box, his solitary parchment-deed, and his few other bits of antique; but it must be otherwise when he aims at producing works of a high class and painting human beings, with a view to develop the passions and exhibit the sensations by which they are influenced. Here, then, is a lamentable failure—figures made up of models at so much per hour, sitting in the midst of selections from the Surrey Zoological Gardens. And these studies of common scraps we are to suppose characteristic of the "world before the flood." A hundred times more imagination than the painter possesses would be necessary

before a spectator could conceive himself anywhere but where he is.

No. 288. 'Mr. Thomas Chapman,' Mrs. W. Carpenter. This is among the least pretending productions of its class we have ever seen. The subject is habited with a Quaker-like simplicity, he is drawn at full length standing, and the pose is firm and natural.

No. 292. 'Portrait of Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson Gower, youngest Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland,' F. Heuss. The young lady is seated at a pianoforte, looking out of the picture in a manner absurd and affected to the last degree. There is much pretension about the portrait, but the style of the figure is wanting in grace, and the whole arrangement is deficient of taste.

No. 296. 'Going to the Hay-field,' D. Cox. A very simple *morceau*, much in the feeling of this gentleman's water-colour works. All we see is a man mounted on a horse and leading another, making his way along a road through the fields. The ground of the picture is sketchy, but strikingly natural; the sky is also sketchy, but it is by no means fit to accompany the rest of the picture.

No. 298. 'A Mountain Torrent,' T. Creswick, A. A deep feeling of poetry runs through the whole of this description. The torrent comes rushing onward, amid a wilderness of volcanic rocks, and retiring from the foreground the eye traces its course closed in by hills, enveloped in a distant storm cloud, which is driving before it the affrighted birds from their accustomed shelter. The water has a peculiar character, often seen in the late works of this artist: it is of the dark and sullen hue of that of the rivers in the Highlands of Scotland. The natural and accurate forms of rocks have never before been painted as by this artist: each of his works is in this respect an admirable geological transcript of the locality presented.

No. 299. 'On the Thames, near Great Marlow, Bucks,' E. J. Niemann. A small picture, containing many points of excellence. The simple objects of which it is constituted compose well, being, as the principal a group of trees, thrown up against the evening sky. The trees are touched with decision, and left with a broad effect; but other portions of the picture are "niggled."

No. 303. 'The Holy Family,' P. Delaroche. In composition, sentimental drawing, and technical excellence, this work is equal to many of the highly-vaunted pictures of the old schools. The Virgin stands with the infant in her arms, and behind them is seen Joseph, reclining on a bank; the head of the last figure (the pose is very different) will remind the spectator of a head given to the same impersonation in Titian's small 'Holy Family' at Florence; be that as it may, in painting the subject M. Delaroche has not vainly challenged comparisons to which of necessity the picture would give rise. Had he never painted anything else, this beautiful production would at once rank him among the greatest of religious painters. In the spirit of many a classical Mythos he has equalled the ancients in singing, and must therefore be admitted one of their choir. In contemplating the exquisite tenderness of this inimitable work, we are at once referred, not to the many famous versions of the subject, but to the few—even those that are always uppermost in the memory when the subject is alluded to. In this picture we are borne back in some degree not to Raffaelle, but to his masters—if so we may speak—those by the study of whom he enriched and ennobled his style—Masaccio, and even some of those who painted the mind before they painted the body. These are the men with whom a certain section of the profession maintain that painting revived, and after whom it again died; a proposition that carries with it its own refutation. The work of M. Delaroche is equalled by but very few versions of this most difficult subject, either in early or later times. We rejoice to welcome it into our Royal Academy, for it will teach valuable lessons to many a British artist. Let them boast that they have studied it, and profited by the study.*

No. 304. 'The Medway, with Upnor Castle —Evening,' E. W. Cooke. We cannot avoid noticing the further improvement in the works of this marine painter. The river occupies the breadth of the canvas, bearing on its smooth stream a few becalmed craft, the drooping sails of which sufficiently declare the want of wind: beyond these is the shore of the river and objects on it, diminished by distance. The colour is rich, harmonious, and appropriate; and we may class the work as among the most successful of its accomplished author.

No. 305. 'The Painter's Holiday,' F. Danby, A. A most homely title to a conception of much sublimity—a sunset of rare excellence—a fine example of poetical painting. 'The Painter's Holiday' (or rather, we may say, the commencement of his relaxation) is the twilight; and he is here seen (having been compelled, by the deepening shadows of surrounding hills, to throw aside his pencil) in steady contemplation of a scene so magnificent as to fix others in admiration as well as himself. The composition shows a region of most picturesque character, abounding with every diversity of mountainous feature—hills sinking as it were in their own increasing shadows, and yet aspiring upwards to share all that is left of the sun's declining light. Embosomed in this enchanting wilderness lies a lake repeating the soft light of the sky, and thence the eye is led to a distance painted with infinite skill and purity of tone. The atmosphere in this work is painted with the most perfect accuracy: if there be a fault in it, it is that the red warmth of the picture is too decided throughout.

No. 306. 'The Ten Virgins,' J. E. Lauder. If a mere literal rendering of the parable may constitute a high value in painting from it, then is this work one of peculiar excellence. The wise virgins are standing with their lamps lighted and ready to meet the bridegroom, while the five foolish virgins are—some yet sleeping, and others begging oil of those who had provided for themselves. It is also night—midnight it may be; and the utmost care has been exerted to secure perfect candlelight effect in the manner of Della Notte. This is very well: we cannot hope for positive inspiration in painting these incidents, but we should at least endeavour to give the highest, not the lowest, value to the class of subject.

No. 307. 'Landscape,' F. Watts. A large composition-like production, consisting of a weedy pond and some large trees, painted in the peculiarly bold style of this artist. The work is hung high, which precludes a close examination of its merits.

No. 310. 'Othello,' A. Rankley. This work is also placed high, but its general treatment is sufficiently discernible. Othello is soliloquising over Desdemona—he holds a lamp whence the light descends on himself and the surrounding objects. Among other defects of the picture a want of dignity is conspicuous.

No. 312. 'Mary Queen of Scots returning from the Chase to Stirling Castle,' R. Ansdell. The party are in the courtyard of the castle; the Queen, mounted and surrounded by attendants, is about to descend from her horse. This, the principal group, constitutes the picture, and everything not immediately relative to it weakens the general effect; there is, in short, a considerable space of canvas yet to be filled to give due importance to the scene.

No. 313. 'A Reminiscence of Rome,' F. Williams. It does not appear of what precise complexion the "reminiscence" may be. We are introduced to what we may believe to be the studio of the painter, who has thrown his arm round the waist of a good-looking model. There is some good drawing in the picture; but there is a strong leaven of modern Italian colour in it, which, as a manner, will be of no service to the painter.

No. 315. 'The Ford—a Scene in Inverness-shire,' A. Cooper, R.A. There is a marked difference between the style of this picture and that of the whole of the other works lately exhibited by this gentleman. A small herd of cows are passing the ford. It is not often that he paints cows: the animals, however, are well drawn, and in the landscape there is more nature than we generally see in his backgrounds. It is not much inferior to the works of his namesake.

No. 316. 'The Lady Prudhoe,' F. Grant, A. It cannot be denied that an imitation of Reynolds, in any degree successful, must, to say the least, be a pleasing picture. This is a small full-length, similar to two exhibited by the artist last year. The figure is in simple attire, seated, and relieved by a landscape background very freely painted. It is a beautiful production of taste and feeling—in which there is no fashion that can become stale. The flesh-colour is fresh, clear, and skilfully supported by the background, which is so like some of Sir Joshua's that we may almost call it a copy.

No. 317. 'Joe Willet taking Leave of Dolly Varden,' R. W. Buss. By no means so felicitous a translation as others we have seen by the same hand. The smith's shop is the scene of the leave-taking. Dolly, according to the text, has had recourse to the corners of her apron; she is "measuring the sides and smoothing out the wrinkles." This picture will strike the spectator as containing more of the spirit of stage effect than of spontaneous nature.

No. 318. 'Portrait of Admiral Lord Colville,' J. P. Knight, R.A. elect. The subject is presented in naval uniform, over which is thrown a cloak. The painting of the face shows much care, and the artist seems to have made the most of features not strikingly marked.

No. 319. 'Claverhouse ordering Morton to be carried out and shot for having given refuge to Balfour of Burley,' R. S. Lauder. Claverhouse is yet seated, while he refuses to be moved by the petition for the life of young Morton. Edith, "she who was most interested in his fatal decision," has already fallen on the pavement of the hall, and we think prematurely, for Claverhouse has not yet finished the few words in which he couched his refusal. The picture is large, which is one of its disadvantages: the subject is better calculated for a smaller canvas. The grouping comprehends many figures, which are painted with unequal power; and, upon the whole, the work is not an advance upon recent productions of the painter.

No. 321. 'Scene of the Vintage among the Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, Farnese, Rome,' T. F. Walmisley. The vintage scene forms but a small portion of the interest, which is rather centred in the character of the locality. There are some passages of much truth in the work (professedly painted from nature), but the effect has been injudiciously chosen.

No. 323. 'Evening,' C. Sims. This work is placed very high, although as far as can be seen it seems to be a production of merit.

* It was with exceeding regret we found this noble example of Art placed not in accordance with its intrinsic merit—to say nothing of the *right* of the great painter of France to courtesy at the hands of the artists of England. It was entitled to the place of honour in the principal room, and that place would have been assigned to it if the generous and liberal feelings of the "Hangers" had been permitted full sway. Sure we are, that if any one of our own leading artists sent a contribution to the Louvre the best position in the gallery would have been occupied by it. Surely, the Royal Academy of Great Britain can afford generosity to foreign competitors for honours. They do not seem to think so, however, for every foreign artist who has sent a contribution to our Exhibition has been treated "scurvily." It is no wonder that we have so few.

No. 325. 'Portraits of Two Arabian Horses, the Property of, and painted for, H. R. H. Prince Albert,' T. Woodward. They are only the heads of the animals, treated with some originality, as being fed by a lady in a Greek dress. They are drawn and painted with the utmost care, and bear the impress of their descent.

No. 327. 'View on the Coast of Normandy,' — Gudin. The style of this picture is very different from that of the bright and carefully finished works of his earlier time. This is in its technicalities something like what we might have expected from Gainsborough, had he turned marine painter; and it is, perhaps, this feeling that has induced M. Gudin to send it to our Exhibition. The picture is of high merit, although curious and not strictly natural, for here M. Gudin displays rather his power in *chique* than his knowledge of nature. The scene is a low coast, with a returning tide, and a ship lying on the beach high and dry. The time is what we should at first sight determine to be twilight; but on a second glance the sun is seen yet some degrees above the horizon, but he is nevertheless denied all power of adding to the light of the subject: and here we are at issue with the celebrated author of this eccentric picture.

No. 328. 'One of the Interviews that took place between John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots, respecting her Marriage with Darnley,' W. P. Frith. The interest of this work is centred in the figure of Knox, which is clearly worthy of his memory—in fact so forcibly is he drawn that the rest of the composition seems feeble by comparison. He has been admonishing the Queen, "who began again to weep and sob with great bitterness, whereon the superintendent, who was a man of mild and gentle spirit, tried to mitigate her grief and resentment." The artist has placed the superintendent on his knees before the Queen, a passage very liable to misconstruction. The stern reformer stands apart, regarding with inflexible severity the burst of grief to which the Queen gave way before him; in this feeling the figure is admirably conceived, but it is unsupported by the rest of the story. This work sustains, though it will not enhance, the reputation of the excellent artist, whose other contribution to the Exhibition we greatly prefer to this.

No. 330. 'The Mall, Kensington Gravel-pits,' W. Mulready. This little picture, we learn, from the catalogue, was painted in 1811. The materials of the composition, as may be conceived, are simple, but it has that solid appearance of reality which can only be communicated to a work by accurate study of the *locale* itself. It is distinguished by great breadth, yet there is a singularly nice finish, only apparent on a close examination of the picture. Thirty-three years is nearly the half of the span allotted to human life, and there are not many of the profession who, having acquired a reputation equal to that of Mr. Mulready, could so confidently point attention to works of so early a period of their career.

No. 331. 'Evening,' A. Montague. A graceful and most agreeable landscape, highly creditable to an artist of rising reputation.

No. 332. 'Shoeing,' E. Landseer, R.A. The interior of a smith's forge—the smith shoeing a horse. For wonderful accuracy, as a literal copy of facts, this picture has, perhaps, never been surpassed. But as an acquisition to the man of taste—as an example of the high purpose of painting—it is, to our minds, of comparatively small value.

No. 333. 'Mrs. Kingsmill and Son,' H. W. Phillips. The lady is seated with her son by her side. It is a small-sized work, remarkable for its simplicity and its clear flesh colour.

No. 334. 'Near the Mall, Kensington Gravel-pits,' W. Mulready. A pendant to 'The Mall,' and painted in the following year, 1812. This little picture has much the feeling and character of the other. Both are gems of rare value.

No. 336. 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' B. R. Faulkner. A work of a high class of merit. The young lady is habited in a velvet dress of a light olive hue, and leans on the base of a column. The pose is one of the most perfect ease, and the head is drawn and painted in a manner which gives animation and intelligence to the expression.

No. 341. 'His Majesty Louis Philippe,' G. P. A. Healey. It would be difficult to fail entirely in the portrait of a personage possessing features so marked as those of the King of the French: the likeness is, therefore, at once recognisable; but the work in colour and other points is very defective.

No. 342. 'Geneviève,' C. W. Cope, A. Coleridge's poem supplies the subject, the chosen passage being:—

> "She leaned against the armed man,
> The statue of the armed knight;
> She stood and listened to my harp
> Amid the lingering light."

Difficult as it is to work up to the thrilling sentiment of the poetry, the artist has, nevertheless, deeply felt its charm. Geneviève stands leaning against an ancient tomb, whereon is sculptured the effigy of a crusader. The male figure is seated nearer the spectator, and instead of a harp the artist has put into his hand a guitar, which we cannot think an improvement of the text. Without injury to the picture, the latter figure might have been made less shadowy—more substantial. The work, however, amply sustains the high reputation of the excellent artist.

No. 343. 'Repose,' T. S. Cooper. An ox, a goat, and a couple of sheep: the first animal is standing in opposition to a soft and warm evening atmosphere in a manner which brings him forward in all his roundness and substance. The most valuable pictures by this gentleman are those which are without trees. This is an entirely open landscape, and will bear comparison with the works in this style of the most celebrated painters of any time. We have occasionally had to complain of the cold unsympathizing character of the foregrounds in preceding works; this is, however, in a great degree remedied here.

No. 344. 'Scene on the Tummel,' T. Creswick, A. The stream, in the foreground, is making its way forward amid rocks and loose stones; but, following its course upwards, we lose it among trees, beyond which arise hills, which fall back into distance. The objects take their places in the composition with a more agreeable ease than in many of the painter's more imposing works.

No. 345. 'Venice—Maria della Salute,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Once more we

> "listen to the herald of the sea."

We are in sight of Venice, and not in what the Germans call a "love-boat," that is, a gondola, but in a stout sea-boat—we can see the Dogana and St. Mark's, but all the rest is left to the "playf-l" imagination. This is not the way that Mr. Turner treated Venice a few years ago: it is only, we think, three years since he exhibited the same object, from almost the same point of view, but painted in detail, and with ineffable sweetness. The last picture he painted in this manner we desperately fear he will never again equal—we speak in reference to Venetian scenery.

No. 346. 'Portrait of H. R. H. the reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha,' J. Lucas. This portrait of the elder brother of Prince Albert was painted in 1842, by command of her Majesty. The Duke presents a striking resemblance to the Prince: he wears the light-blue uniform in which he usually appeared upon occasions of ceremony. The pose of the figure is easy and graceful.

No. 349. 'Flight of Polish Refugees,' N. Friedlander. The figures are life-sized, and seated under a rock. The picture is high, so that a close inspection is out of the question: it is, however, sufficiently obvious that the picture is deficient of spirit, and coloured in very bad taste.

No. 350. 'Portraits of Mrs. Yates and Son,' T. M. Joy. This lady is painted at full length, and about to ascend some steps leading to a terrace in a garden, accompanied by her son, whom she leads, holding by the hand. The figure is endowed with graceful movement, and the features with sweetness of expression. The work is one of much excellence.

No. 351. 'Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess,' C. R. Leslie, R.A. This composition will be remembered as having been already painted by Mr. Leslie: the former picture is extensively known through the valuable engraving which it has supplied. Sancho is, as before, seated on a low stool addressing the duchess, with his finger raised oracularly before his nose: this figure is admirably painted, and eminently imbued with the *vis comica* of the character. We learn at once that he is the lion of the party—their cynosure for the time being; and such are the scenes in which this artist excels. Poetical painting is by no means his strong side—even in painting from Shakspere he is unequal; but his readings from Cervantes and Molière are unrivalled. We cannot therefore, in this instance, regret that he has gone over familiar ground. The composition of the picture has undergone several very striking improvements—a consequence of renewed consideration; and the style is comparatively free from the cold chalky colour, which impairs so many of the painters recent works—result of his profound worship of the manner of Constable.

No. 353. 'Landscape,' H. Jutsum. One of the good productions of this always agreeable and often highly excellent artist. The view shows a moorland country, diversified by hill and dale, through which winds a small river, whence the banks tend gradually upwards. The foreground is made out with a nice finish, showing abundance of blooming heather and ferns: some of this we could well have spared, for the sake of a little more of the accustomed breadth that distinguishes his former works. The sky and distance are painted with a rare display of knowledge and fine feeling; and, although the work is not equal in sweetness to others ('Tintern Abbey' for instance) by the same hand, it is a production of great merit.

No. 354. 'Ruined Norman Doorway in Norfolk,' T. C. Dibdin. This is the first oil picture we have seen by the artist, professedly a painter in water-colours. The subject is simple, but it is well drawn and coloured.

No. 355. 'The Lesson,' Fanny M'Ian. This is altogether the most aspiring production we have yet seen from the easel of any of our lady artists: it is in fact a picture that would do honour to some of the best of our antiquarian painters. The lesson is given in archery to a young lady by a holy hermit, who himself was once, according to the lines which accompany the title, an accomplished bowman. The subject is supplied by "ane auld romaunt," and there is also a spirit beyond the mere lesson; for

> "More deidlie farre is ye shafte that flees
> From ye noble damzelle's hazel eyees
> Than that she sends from ye bendet yewe,
> Though ye eremit (ance an archer trewe)
> Her maister had bin in ye mysterie."

And this spirit has been successfully preserved in the picture. We remark of this lady's works that each succeeding production is generally superior to those that have gone before it—a rare merit now-a-days. She is worthy of all praise, and of all honour in her profession.

No. 356. 'Approach to Venice,' J. M. W.

Turner, R.A. The effect here purposed is that described by Byron in the oft-quoted lines—

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
The sun as yet disputes the day with her."

It is, as usual, a gala picture, with boats painted of the most lively hues. That which we may suppose to be Venice lies ahead in red mist; and so generally indistinct is the view that it might serve for the approach to any low-lying city open to the sea.

No. 357. 'Portrait of his Excellency Count Mensdorff Pouilly,' J. Lucas. An officer in a hussar uniform, possessing features of a very marked formation, only something short of the impressive character of the Hettmann Platow; he is well stricken in years, and there is so much life in the whole figure that it must be a likeness.

No. 358. 'Portrait of Lord Francis Egerton,' G. Patten, A. A work upon which has been bestowed the utmost care with the best results. The figure is habited in a fur coat, and seated in a well-chosen position. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the head, which is well rounded, and the features are expressive and very like the estimable original.

No. 363. 'Portrait of General the Honourable Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital, &c.,' J. P. Knight, R.A. Elect. The colouring of the face is very low in tone, and the dark side is almost lost in the breadth of the shade. The subject is plainly attired, wearing only the ribbon of the Bath.

No. 364. 'Sir Thomas More and his Daughter,' J. R. Herbert, A. The particular incident constituting the point of this most valuable picture is mentioned in "Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More;" and records briefly that, looking one day from the window of his prison, he saw four monks (who had also refused to take the oath of supremacy) going to execution, and regretted that he could not accompany them. "Look," said he to his daughter, "looke, Megge, dost thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cherefully to their deathes as bridegrooms to their marriage?" The father and daughter stand by the grated window, the former in the act of speaking as calmly looking down and pointing to the crowd below, while the latter fervently casts her eyes upwards. The old man shows a tranquil and pious interest in the procession; it has no terrors for him; his eye rests with curious inquiry on what he sees; but not so Margaret: she turns her eyes from that, the sight of which fills her with apprehensions of the fate of her father. These two figures are most skilfully drawn and painted; the pose of each is firm without seeming fixed; each is an animated intelligence most distinctly expressing its relative feeling. The room in which they stand is scantily furnished, but they have no need of accessaries. It is a noble and beautiful work, and very fortunate is the possessor of it. On the whole, we may consider it the *chef d'œuvre* of the accomplished artist; the true feeling for Art is obvious in the treatment of so simple but so eloquent a subject.

No. 365. 'Evening before Rain at Sea,' W. A. Knell. A stiff breeze prevails here, and its influence is efficiently shown as well in the painting of the water as in that of the boats. The work is one of high merit as regards the sea and craft; with respect to the sky it is admirable in its chiar' oscuro, and portentous rather of wind than rain; but the uniform yellow and lilac hue of the clouds is far from natural.

No. 366. 'On the Tees near Rokeby,' J. M. Youngman. A fragment of river-side scenery closed in by trees painted in a manner decided and effective. One of the pleasantest landscapes in the collection.

No. 367. 'Undine,' R. S. Lauder. This is little more than a class study of a female figure seated at the brink of a stream, and shut in by a screen of trees. She may, by such latitude of imagination as we are often called upon to recognise, be Undine, Dorothea, the shade-loving Amaryllis, or even the singing Lurley. A figure thus circumstanced is often only more or less the likeness of a model; and as such this must be considered; but it is skilfully drawn.

No. 368. 'Temple on the Island of Philoe, called Sareer Pharaon or the Bed of Pharaoh, on the Nile, Nubia,' D. Roberts, R.A. On the elevated bank of the river stand the remains of the temple, being the columns of the façade. The immediate parts of the picture show the stream smoothly gliding onward and bearing with it some boats which are tended in their course by some picturesque figures. The view is closed by mountains brightened by the declining sun. We may remark of the pictures painted by this gentleman from scenery in Egypt and adjacent countries that they very often consist of subjects having only historical interest, and which very few other artists could invest with any pictorial beauty. This is the work of a veritable man of genius.

No. 370. 'The Redhead, Forfarshire,' J. Wilson. A section of an iron-bound coast at high water, with the wind off the sea and a vessel driving in under the cliffs. The water is, as usual, extremely well painted.

No. 371. 'Eve at the Fountain,' W. Etty, R.A. A nude female figure seated on the ground. We never should have divined this to be "Eve at the Fountain," seeing there is no fountain. Little, indeed, of graceful presence does the painter allow our first mother—if this be his idea of her. The figure, in fact, like so many others by this artist, is a mere unpurposed study, and one of the least pleasing.

No. 372. 'Portrait of John Gibson, Esq., R.A.,' P. Williams. This portrait has been painted at Rome, where both artists are sojourning, we may say settled. The features are very like those of the subject, who is represented in his studio dress, wearing on his head the red Turkish cap called a fez, and grasping a handful of modelling tools. The work has in it much of the Italian style of art. It is a decidedly good portrait.

No. 373. 'Portrait of Captain Colin Mackenzie, Madras Army, lately a hostage in Caubool, in his Affghan dress,' J. Sant. This gentleman, we believe, is one of those who were present upon the occasion of the fatal conference when Sir W. Macnaughten was shot. He is presented at full length; the costume is imposing and most effectively painted, but the head wants force.

No. 377. 'The Water Pitcher,' A. Geddes, A. A girl filling a pitcher at a rill; she is life-sized, and in the drawing of the head there is roundness and animation.

No. 378. 'Portrait of David Salomons, Esq.,' J. P. Knight, R.A. Elect. It is evident that the artist has had difficulty in dealing with his subject. He may have secured a likeness, which is, perhaps, the utmost that could be made of the portrait.

No. 379. 'Hawthornden—The Royal Visit, 14th Sept., 1842,' Sir W. Allan, R.A. The mere title might induce the idea of a work displaying parade and ceremony, but it is not so: we see looking over the parapet at the top of the cliff the Queen and Prince Albert. The work is not worthy of the able and accomplished artist, and will not sustain the high reputation he has acquired.

No. 380. 'The Brothers releasing the Lady from the Enchanted Chair,' F. P. Stephanoff. This is an oil painting from the cartoon exhibited by this artist at Westminster Hall. The composition does not come out very favourably in colour; indeed it is here seen to less advantage than in the cartoon. Many of the faces seem to be studied from the same model; and that we might fancy to be a female one.

No. 381. 'A Portrait,' S. Denning. The smaller productions of this gentleman are exquisite, but in mere portraiture we do not recognise the same excellence.

No. 382. 'The Parting of Robert Burns and his Mary,' C. Lucy. The incident is related in "Cunningham's Life of Burns;" upon this occasion the lovers parted and never again met. The artist has followed the letter of the text, but the work hangs so high that we cannot see with what spirit he has worked it out.

No. 383. 'Heath Scene, with Shepherd unfolding Sheep,' J. Dearman. This picture is also too high for inspection; it has, however, at a distance, much the appearance of being painted in accordance with nature. Others by the same hand, seen to greater advantage, justify us in classing him highly among English landscape-painters.

No. 384. 'Rebekah receiving the Presents from Abraham's Servant,' J. P. Phillips. The chief merit in this work is the judicious colour seen in some parts of it. In the style of the work there is nothing beyond commonplace features and costume. It is not an advance on former works.

No. 385. 'The Good Samaritan,' C. Lucy. "He fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment." This is the point of the parable insisted on by the artist; we have therefore a nude, foreshortened study, brought forward in a manner to show as much as possible a capability of drawing the figure. It is most singular that so many of our painters, who aspire to work from the highest sources of subject matter, rarely get beyond one idea of the passage they select.

No. 388. 'Trial of the Seven Bishops,' J. R. Herbert, A. This is the most important work as yet produced by this very able artist. The subject is one to which there are few who could render justice, but he has acquitted himself in a manner to establish his reputation as a historical painter in this particular *genre*, should he never again address himself to any similar subject: it is, however, to be hoped that this is but the beginning of a series. The spectator is first struck with the peculiarly *easy* manner of the entire composition, and again with its familiar daylight effect; its agreeable breadth, unbroken by any of the wholly unnecessary, and sometimes preposterous, shadows thrown into works of this kind for the sake of that vitiated *gusto*—without which, it would seem, no similar picture can, in an ordinary way, be painted. Over the canvas a hundred and fifty figures are disposed with masterly skill, and coloured in hues subdued into most perfect harmony. The moment chosen is that of the declaration of the verdict, "Not Guilty," "at which there were several great shouts in the court and throughout the hall." We rejoice to observe, that the artist has spared no research in order to render his work as perfect as possible. Every impersonation, therefore, prominently figuring in the scene, for whose features there remains any authority, is a portrait. Also, with respect to costume, great care seems to have been exercised. But few really meritorious works of this class have been produced by members of the British school. We hesitate not to say that this picture will maintain a high consideration; no matter how many of a similar class may be destined to follow it. The subject is one of the deepest interest; perhaps our country's history does not afford one more worthy to be commemorated by the artist. The event was, as it were, the fixing the seal to the great charter of our liberties; for, until the evil purpose of the Second James was defeated by the resistance of the prelates of the Reformed Church, our civil and religious rights were mere uncertainties, depending on the breath of a weak or vicious monarch. The verdict delivered in the old court at Westminster, by

"twelve good men and true," established the Protestant faith in England; and not only did it achieve that great triumph—it secured us against encroachments of arbitrary power, that would have made us slaves instead of freemen. The selection of such subjects is honourable to the painter.*

WEST ROOM.

No. 389. 'The Fatal Letter of Charles I. Intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton,' H. J. Townsend. Cromwell and Ireton are life-sized half-lengths. The former holds the letter, and is meditating his stern resolve. The effect is that of candlelight, a lantern being suspended near Cromwell. It is exceedingly well composed. The story is told with emphasis and remarkable force. The portrait of Cromwell may be somewhat too heroic; but it is the reading of the character which a painter of history is bound to give it. The expression is fine—true to the time and circumstances. All the accessaries—they are, however, few and of no great importance—are well made out; in no way interfering with the main incident. The figures are life-size, or beyond it. The work altogether is calculated to advance the reputation of one of the most rising artists of the day—an artist who is rising not less by strength of genius and vigour of intellect than by thorough study, continual labour, and productive industry.

No. 392. 'Jeanie Dean's Interview with her Sister Effie, in the Tolbooth, after her Condemnation,' J. Hayes. The narrative is sufficiently distinct. One sister comes to visit the other in prison; they meet, and, as a natural consequence, clasp each other in a strong and convulsive embrace. The artist has overstudied poor Effie's prison abode: had he not given so many objects he would have left his composition in better case, and have enhanced the interest of the figures.

No. 394. 'A Monk,' G. Williams. This is a large figure, but it is nevertheless difficult to see in what way the monk is engaged; and this is a point which ought always to be distinct, as far as a figure is clearly discernible. The head has been advantageously studied, but the colour is faulty.

No. 395. 'Tasso reciting his "Jerusalem Delivered" to the Princess Leonora D'Este,' J. Hollins, A. The figures are life-sized—a decided error in dealing with such a subject, by no means sufficiently important for such treatment. Tasso is seated on the left and Leonora on the right of the picture, both dressed and circumstanced in a way that leads the spectator to suppose the purpose of the work is a mere display of the brightest coloured satins or silks. This might have been well spared, for it is entirely overlooked in seeking for the *animus* of a picture. We should not, moreover, have recognised poor Tasso in the gay and *fade*-looking cavalier before us. We had rather have seen any simple attempt at truth in respect of the unfortunate and amiable author of the "Gerusalemme" than an overdone and soulless study of drapery.

No. 396. 'Mrs. Holland,' J. Hollins, A. A small full-length of an elderly lady, seated in a contemplative position. The arrangement is well managed, and the figure successfully drawn and coloured.

No. 398. 'A Devonshire Village,' F. R. Lee, R.A. We have seen many truly valuable pictures by this gentleman; but he has not recently been happy in his selection of subjects. This roadside view is not wanting in interest, but it does not tell in his hands. Of the village we see only a house or two, one of which is built in a commanding position on the bank overlooking the road. The centre of the composition is occupied by a tree, which comes out effectively; but there is about the whole a rawness of colour and signs of hasty execution which are prejudicial to the work.

No. 399. 'Jacob refusing to let Benjamin go,' J. Harwood. If the conception of the subject were as good as the execution there would be little to condemn; but the author classes his work with the multitude of those which depart not from the beaten track of legitimate monotony. The same character prevails in the mass of our scriptural productions.

No. 401. 'On the Lleder, North Wales—Study from Nature,' M. F. Witherington, R.A. The best we have seen of these river scenes by this gentleman. The stream is shrunk to a small compass in its rocky channel. The large stones are in some degree prominently spotty, but the other parts of the view keep their assigned places.

No. 403. 'A Group, representing the late Countess of Denbigh, with two of her Ladyship's Daughters—the Lady Augusta Fielding, and the Lady Jane; with the Hon. Mr. Charles Fielding, and a Newfoundland Dog,' W. Bradley. The whole being full-length figures, this is necessarily a large work, and one in which there is room for display of skill and taste in grouping and arrangement. It seems to be a manner with the artist to keep his figures of a cold and even chalky tone, yet, with this defect, the composition is distinguished by many beauties, and possesses the merit of original and intellectual treatment.

No. 409. 'A Nasmyth, Esq.,' F. Grant, A. A portrait of a gentleman on a three-quarter canvas: as a male head, it is not only the best we have ever seen by this gentleman, but equal to the best works of our school.

No. 411. 'Study from Nature of a Forest Mare and Foal,' H. B. Chalon. A good work by a veteran in Art, in this particular style; an artist who was among the earliest to depict the noble animal with fidelity, and yet with poetical truth; and who continues to paint with much nature, force, and valuable effect. No. 414 is a picture of 'Terriers at a Rabbit-hole,' by the same excellent hand.

No. 412. 'The Infant St. John, with Honeycomb,' T. W. Guillod. A most absurd association: the child is seated, and recognisable as the infant St. John from accustomed circumstance; but he is lifting the honeycomb in a manner more according with the lowest *genre* than consistent with a sacred subject.

No. 414. 'Scene from the Early Life of Goldsmith,' E. M. Ward. The story turns upon Goldsmith's musical talent, by means of which he made himself so agreeable to "the merry poor of Flanders," that he travelled through the country subsisting on the meagre reward they rendered him for his performances. His instrument, as is known, was the flute; and he is here represented playing to a family assembled for relaxation at their cottage door. So descriptive is the detail of the composition, that we see at once the ramifications of their genealogical tree—as much of it, that is to say, as is given, comprehending the present race from grandfather to grandchild. Goldsmith is immediately recognisable, but he is certainly too well dressed for this epoch of his life. And we may remark of the cottagers that, inasmuch as there are strong national Flemish characteristics, they appear somewhat too English for the scene. The production is one of very high merit, and its skilful arrangement will add to the reputation of its author. Mr. Ward is one of the "rising artists" of our time, one who is on the sure and safe road to professional distinction. His works never exhibit carelessness in execution; they are marked by wisely-directed labour. His studies are derived from nature, and his subjects from the treasure-house of our best writers. He thinks as well as works: he is not content to pursue the beaten track in which so many have trodden before him; but looks out for a new path that shall open up new prospects, and secure that which is so seldom sought for—originality of theme. This is an advantage on which too much stress cannot be laid.

No. 417. 'A Norwegian Girl,' H. B. Zeigler. A very life-like picture, apparantly painted in on the spot; it has the marks of truth.

No. 420. 'Boaz and Ruth,' H. N. O'Neil. We cannot say that in this work the artist in anywise approaches the feeling shown in some of his recent pictures: his manner of relief is the same as heretofore; his figures stand in direct opposition to the sky, or a very light background: this, however, is not so much the objection, as a straggling method of arrangement, whence we should infer that his power does not extend to complicated grouping. A Jewish cast of feature is given to Ruth with some success; but neither she nor Boaz go beyond the accepted tameness of our school in this department of Art. The expression accorded to Ruth is disagreeable; it resembles rather a fair Israelite of Holywell-street, than the beautiful portrait of the inspired writer. The gleaners, too, seem dressed too much in "their best." We presume earnestly to caution the artist against degenerating into "prettiness."

No. 423. 'The Keeper's Companions,' A. H. Corbould. A shooting pony, dogs, and a fowlingpiece, painted with good effect, and apparently with accuracy, for the work is placed too high for inspection.

No. 424. 'Portrait of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel,' G. Patten, A. The figure has the appearance of one ill at ease in the position in which he is drawn. The treatment is upon the principle of giving force to the head.

No. 425. 'Lady Jane Grey summoned to her Execution,' E. D. Leahy. This is a work of labour, and, as the production of much thought and industry, may not be dismissed lightly. With many points of merit, much good execution, and with evidence of considerable study, it is yet liable to the objection that a much smaller canvas would have answered perfectly well for rendering all the important points of the subject. It is not of sufficient value for the space it occupies here, and will, we hope, occupy elsewhere. The artist exhibits mind in many of his works, it is evidenced indeed in this, which we cannot think altogether successful. A production upon which so much time and industry must have been expended claims, however, a generous consideration.

No. 426. 'The Ploughed Field,' F. R. Lee, R.A. The tenor of this subject seems more suited to the genius of the artist than that of most of his other works on these walls. The picture is composed of more than the title would imply. The "ploughed field," or rather a small section of it, lies in the foreground, beyond which the eye passes to a middle and remote distance, coloured with more truth than is seen in the works above alluded to. In this description of landscape, in short, the artist declares his power to lie. He has, it is true, shown some admirable avenue scenes; but in these there is a monotony which cannot be charged to views like his 'Ploughed Field.'

No. 427. 'The Highland Lament,' A. Johnston. A work of deep and touching sentiment, professedly composed from Campbell's lines—

"O, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where the band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?"

The time is evening, and the fading light adds to the solemn effect of the narrative, which is also much assisted by the scene of the incident,—a few yards of a high and yet ascending path,—whence the eye but partially pierces the increasing gloom which envelops the lower lands. The foremost of the "band" are the piper and the chief mourner; the approach of

* We may state that this picture is about to be engraved. It will supply a "National Print"—we augur for it a popularity equal to that of any modern publication. It is to the credit of a provincial publisher—Mr. Agnew of Manchester—that he has undertaken to produce a work of so much importance and value.

the others, indeed, is only indicated; and most successfully has the artist endowed these figures with expression of grief. So nicely balanced is the composition, that not only do we sympathize with its spirit, but it moves us with the never-ending interest of wishing to know more of the personal history of the defunct and the survivors.

No. 428. 'Portrait of Thomas Carlyle, Esq.,' J. Linnell. The twilight and ruminating solitude of this work are more in accordance with sentimental composition than portraiture; the face, also, is more than usually ruddy with the glaze which this artist uniformly applies to all his portraits.

No. 429. 'Interior of the Lady Chapel, Church of St. Pierre, at Caen, Lower Normandy,' D. Roberts, R.A. This rich Gothic interior is admirably represented, with its painted glass and decorated altar, over which is a figure of the Virgin, so striking as at once to recal the place to the recollection of those who may have seen it. There is less light in the subject than in those generally chosen by Mr. Roberts.

No. 430. 'Venice Quay—Ducal Palace,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The view, as one of the artist's present series, is taken from the water: the quay lies upon the right, at which we see a crowd of red boats; the palace closes the distance. It is just sufficiently distinct to admit of recognition of its Moorish architecture. The effect is the favourite hazy light of this painter.

No. 431. 'From the old Scottish song of "Get up and Bar the Door,"' A. Fraser. The passage selected is—

"O up then startit our gudeman,
And an angry man was he:
Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?"

The gudewife and the stranger, who, with his arm round her, is about to salute her, occupy the centre of the canvas. We had been more content had the painter justified these attentions by rendering her a little more attractive. It is true she is, after all, but a "gudewife;" yet her position does not necessarily imply the coarseness with which she is described. The fact is literally rendered, but the style of the work is too sketchy.

No. 432. 'Columbus—The First Sight of Land,' J. A. Houston. The incident is described in Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus." The first intimation of his immediate approach to land was a light so dimly seen in the darkness of the night, that, being doubtful of the reality, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the King's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction. The two figures are made out by an artificial light. The pose of Gutierrez wants dignity; the drawing, however, is correct, but the subject needs prominent point. We confess we looked for a more successful effort at the hands of this artist.

No. 433. 'Looking into the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Santa Maria dei Fiori, at Florence—the Sacristan announcing by a bell to persons waiting in the Church the approach of a Priest to say Mass,' S. A. Hart, R.A. This church is the scene of the *Festa dei Fiori*, held at Florence at least once a year. All that is here presented is the doorway into the sacristy, at which we see the sacristan.

No. 434. 'Pyramids of Ghizeh—Sunset,' D. Roberts, R.A. The picture is constituted of two pyramids only, but the work is made sufficiently valuable by the way in which the golden light of the sun is broken upon them, contrasting with the ground, which is now in shadow. The view clearly exhibits that pyramid which shows at its apex another course of stone. Life is given to the scene by an Arab cavalcade, extending from the foreground till lost amid the irregularities of the distance.

No. 435. 'Thirgell Brook, Yorkshire,' W. Oliver. The brook, the least important feature of the composition, distributes its scant stream in the foreground, which is at once closed by a screen of tall trees, forming, altogether, an effective subject. The trees are in parts well painted, but they are put together in a manner indicative of having been made out from free sketches.

No. 437. 'Moved by a Feather—Tickled by a Straw,' W. Carpenter, jun. There is a degree of affectation in this description which were best avoided in giving a title for a catalogue. The subject is a black boy playing with a monkey: the former is creditably drawn, but the latter has too much of the human feature.

No. 438. 'Scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—Monsieur Jourdain le Maître Tailleur, les Garçons Tailleurs, &c. &c,' T. M. Joy. In a subject of this kind we cannot help the *mise-en-scène* arising in recollection; the comparison is, however, not disadvantageous to the artist, inasmuch as he has sought to invest his characters with rather the business of life than the business of the stage: we have, therefore, a scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—reduced from the eccentricities of acting to the probabilities of real life. The master tailor says to his satellites, "Mettez cet habit à Monsieur de la manière que vous faites aux personnes de qualité." And the quality-air assumed by M. Jourdain is by no means overdone. Few artists have been more successful in treating such subjects. Mr. Joy seizes the grotesque in character, but never offends by caricature. He seems to have a keen relish for humour, but his delineations of it are subdued by good sense and correct taste. His power to work out his conceptions is unquestionable. Here we have evidence of high finish, which never degenerates into elaborate minuteness of touch. His works prove his industry, but do not leave the impression that labour is made to supply the place of genius.

No. 440. 'Villa of Lucullus at Misenum,' W. L. Leitch. This is a large picture, reminding the spectator somewhat of the works of the older landscape-painters; and the materials of the composition render the resemblance the more striking, as consisting precisely of such objects as they were accustomed to bring together. We presume it is intended to show rather the site of the villa indicated by the ruins in the foreground—the title led us to look for a restoration. The middle and distance of the work are well painted, but the shadows of the foreground are too much forced. There are some figures presented in the (so called) classic taste. If the picture shows us the villa in ruins as now existing, a few modern figures had told much better in contrast. There are many parts of the work indicative of high ability.

No. 441. 'Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Derby,' T. Ellerby. The resemblance is striking, but the figure is stiffened into an excessively prim formality.

No. 442. 'Portrait of George Field, Esq,' S. Drummond, A. This we presume is the gentleman who has contributed so much to the palette by his chemical skill and learning. The portrait is the best of the recent productions of the artist.

No. 442. 'La Fleur's Departure from Montreuil,' E. M. Ward. From the "Sentimental Journey." "C'est un garçon de bonne fortune," said the landlord, pointing through the window to half-a-dozen wenches who had got round La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. By these, then, is La Fleur surrounded, kissing their proffered hands, and assuring them he will bring them pardons from Rome. All the inhabitants of the hotel—and even the *batterie de cuisine*—seem to have come forth to witness the lamented departure of the general favourite, who, says the landlord, in discourse to Sterne, as contemplating the scene from the window, has one misfortune, which is, that he is always in love. The spirit of this work is closely in unison with that of the text, and the entire round of impersonation is perfectly characteristic: in short, the picture must add to the growing reputation of the painter. It is another "fact" to sustain the opinion we have expressed of his merit. Subjects so treated are sure to "tell:" they speak home to the universal heart.

No. 450. 'Morning,' J. Martin. A seaside view, wherein the shore, as rounding the bay, is seen to rise, from a cliff, behind which the sun is rising. The foreground is of that rough and rocky aspect so commonly seen in the works of this artist; but he is less accustomed to deal with the peculiarities of the sea than he is with those of the land, and his portraiture of it is not happy.

No. 451. 'Line-of-battle Ship in a Gale, shortening Sail after Sunset,' C. H. Seaforth. There is no appearance here of what we understand by a "gale." The sea lies in streaks of dirty water, without colour or transparency, and the whole is executed in a manner extremely hard and inharmonious.

No. 453. * * * * S. A. Hart, R.A. The subject of the picture is allusive to the captivity of James I. of Scotland, who, on his passage from Scotland to France, was intercepted by a vessel of Henry IV. of England, and detained a prisoner at Windsor. His prison was the Round Tower, from the window of which he saw, for the first time, the Lady Jane Beaufort, who is the principal figure, and represented gathering flowers. This is a style of Art which this gentleman does not often practise, but we cannot speak of his success in it. The work is poor to a degree in composition, and not better in colour.

No. 460. 'Her Majesty's Beagles,' W. and H. Barraud. The huntsman is mounted on a horse of many good points, but the picture is too high to speak of the curious-looking dogs by which he is surrounded.

No. 461. 'Anglers on the Loire,' J. D. Harding. A most unassuming title for the most beautiful and important picture which this artist has ever exhibited. The anglers have nothing to do with the interest, which centres in a most picturesque bridge and numerous houses on both sides of the river. The canvas is large, and comprehends an extended view, wherein the various objects are treated with a feeling productive of the best effect. The water is lustrous, has depth and current, and is carried to distance with infinite mastery; it is, in short, a work of the utmost power in its particular way; and cannot fail to obtain for the painter in this class of Art a reputation as high as that he has acquired in his own (hitherto) peculiar department of it. There will be but one opinion of the work—it will be universally ranked with the happiest achievements the collection contains.

No. 462. 'Scene from "The Devil upon Two Sticks,"' A. Egg. This is a production of the very highest mind; skilful in composition, and admirable in execution. It will sustain a reputation already prominent; and justifies our expectation of seeing the painter, ere long, occupying a place in the highest professional rank. Nevertheless, we cannot avoid hoping that this subject will be the last of his selecting from a source upon which he has, perhaps, drawn too largely. We entreat that he resort for themes to worthier sources. History is open to him: one would almost think it a sealed book to our young men of genius. What have we in this admirably executed work—so full of good drawing, rich colouring, and expression characteristic and true? What but two—hussies, a silly youth, their victim, and a roguish innkeeper?—materials upon which *mind* has been thrown away.

No. 463. 'Evening,' J. Martin. A composition skilfully put together, and possessing many beauties of effect, but perhaps too cold in colour. The sky seems unworthy of the rest of the work.

No. 469. 'Antwerp, from the Scheldt—Morning,' E. W. Cooke. The view is taken from the side of the river opposite to Antwerp, and a little higher up. We see, therefore, the town in distance, with its lofty spire. This side of the river is without interest, but the artist has moored a boat or two at hand: the scene is at once tranquil and brilliant, and of that character in which the artist excels. The sky is beautifully painted, and the water is deep, limpid, and flowing. We rejoice to perceive a manifest improvement in the works exhibited by the artist this year.

No. 470. 'A Study from Nature,' H. Le Jeune. There is something here to admire, but whether a boy or a girl is not decided. A second figure is that of a child. The little picture is rich in colour, but too indefinite.

No. 472. 'A Wounded Soldier returned to his Family, visited by a Sister of Charity,' F. Goodall. The wounded man lies upon a couch, watched by his wife with anxious care; while on the other side of her is her child, whom she rocks in its wooden cradle. The wound is desperate, and her pallid cheek betrays the fears that wring her heart. Her mother stands near, and calls her attention to the entrance of the sister, who is the bearer of assistance in some acceptable shape. A group of unconscious children are playing on the left of the composition, described with a force which few other artists can show. The colour of the whole is, as usual, beautiful and harmonious; perhaps the nice finish of recent works is not observable here. The subject is not so fortunate as some others with which the young and accomplished painter has been accustomed to deal; nevertheless, the work is one of the best productions of the age and country, and is worthy of a reputation—of the very highest.

No. 480. 'Trial of the Earl of Strafford, for High Treason,' T. A. Woolnoth. We have here the hazardous experiment of a young artist—a work of exceeding labour, for which a recompense, either of fame or of fortune, could scarcely have been expected; for the difficulties are great and many, and, if overcome, the conquest is not at once apparent, but can be estimated only by a long and close inspection, which in an exhibition can seldom be received. Few will take the time or the trouble to consider how much labour has been expended upon such a picture, the research that has been requisite, the authorities that have been consulted, the industry that has been exerted in search of truth. Looked at casually, and with indifference, this picture presents only an assemblage of heads, with two or three prominent personages in the foreground. Examined carefully, however, it will supply evidence of great talent. There are abundant proofs of enthusiastic zeal in contending with unpropitious materials, of enduring energy in working them into shape, and of indomitable perseverance in bringing an allotted task to completion. We augur great things hereafter from this effort, and accept it as a pledge that fame will be achieved by its producer.

No. 481. 'An Italian Minstrel,' A. Geddes, A. An Italian boy, with a hurdy-gurdy, supposed to be begging of some one at a window. The character and expression are unexceptionable. It is the best production under this name in the Exhibition.

No. 482. 'Tea-table Talk,' W. D. Kennedy. Two ancient maidens, pictured to the life, whose "fresh and fairy looks" have, even years ago, faded into the sere and yellow leaf, are discussing the merits of dress, when one is unutterably shocked at the over-rouging of the other. The anecdote is inimitably told, in a pithy and original way.

No. 485. 'On the Lys, at Ghent,' G. L. Stanfield. A fragment of architecture, descriptive of the general appearance of this ancient place. It is curious as well as interesting; a very beautiful work.

No. 486. 'Summer's Afternoon,' T. Creswick, A. From certain detail, which is absent here, but found in the works of this artist which seem closely imitated from nature, we conclude this picture to be a composition. The arrangement consists of a group of trees, raised against a clear, warm sky, and a river, the water of which is disposed in the immediate parts of the canvas. We are glad to observe that Mr. Creswick is returning to colour in his foliage; and it is to be hoped he will resume the winning freshness of tint which characterized his productions a few years ago.

No. 487. 'Portrait of Mr. Plumer Ward,' the late H. P. Briggs, R.A. The features are somewhat two young for the author of "Tremaine." The expression is that of the most intense and searching penetration: it is a head that the spectator would gladly escape with one glance; and, in respect of life and mind, is one of the finest portraits we have ever seen; but in colour it is unhappily cold.

No. 490. 'Portrait of W. Mulready, Esq., R.A.,' M. Mulready. There is a great deal of originality in the circumstancing of the figure. The portrait is a small three-quarter length seated, and seen almost in profile against a very plain background.

No. 491. 'The Squire describing some Passages in his Town Life—a Scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield,"' W. P. Frith. The squire is seated very much at his ease, with Mrs. Primrose on his right, and Olivia and her sister on the other side of the fire. The former of the two sisters is listening attentively to his anecdotes, while the latter proceeds quietly with her work. These two figures in themselves constitute a picture, so much beauty and sweetness do they present; and herein lies the strength of the production, which is also in other respects one of a very high order. It is, indeed, admirable as a composition, and of rare excellence in execution. A story has never been more emphatically told: the accomplished artist has caught the very spirit of the scene. We hope, however, he will in future select subjects that have greater novelty.

No. 497. 'Portrait of the Marquis of Exeter, K.G., &c.,' J. Sant. A full-length, sitting; treated with much pompous circumstance, but yet, by no means, a meritorious work.

No. 504. 'The Gipsy Family,' W. Simson. By no means in the spirit of such a scene. So unlike are the figures in character to members of this race, that they remind us of the lord of the manor and his young wife "gipsying" for amusement.

No. 505. 'The Course of True Love never did run smooth,' F. Stone. This is the title of a picture, which is also accompanied by three lines from the 23rd Ode of the First Book of Horace, and of course, as usual, printed wrong—two errors in one line is nothing for the Royal Academy catalogue. For the credit of the body, some competent person should be employed to revise it. The lines are:—

> "Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
> Formas atque animos sub juga aheneа
> Sævo mittere cum joco!"

The mistake, however, we can scarcely regret. It is a just punishment of the artist, who was guilty of the pedantry of introducing "scholarship" into a production so purely and simply English—rustic English. The picture contains four figures—two youths and two maidens—who, in the spirit of true love, have quarrelled, and without any immediate prospect of reconciliation. The girls are beautifully drawn and admirably charactered; but the work, upon the whole, is not of the completed purpose of some of the excellent artist's previous works. It is, of course, highly and beautifully wrought in its details: the countenaces of the two girls are the very perfection of finish. The most skilful miniature-painter could not have carried them further.

No. 507. 'View on Shooter's Hill, Kent,' J. Peel. A small woody scene, closely studied from nature, and with much talent in execution.

No. 511. 'Salvator Rosa's first Cartoon on the Walls of Certoza, near Naples,' W. Simson. Young Salvator has been caught in the fact of drawing on the walls of the porch, and falls under the reprobation at once of his mother and the monks. The principal figures are very forcible, and the anecdote is clearly told. The monk is a well-studied figure, as also is the hapless Salvator. The picture has been executed with much care, and is in all respects calculated to extend the reputation of the painter.

No. 514. 'Louise,' R. S. Lauder. Another glee-maiden, with a crowd of listeners to her affecting lay. There is much that is beautiful is this work, but it wants light.

No. 515. 'Portrait of a Young Lady as a Peasant Girl,' E. U. Eddis. The head and upper parts of this little figure are particularly striking; but the feet are coarse, bony, and those of a much older child.

No. 520. 'Mill on the Lake of Como,' G. E. Hering. This is a close scene; the mill is most picturesquely situated on the right of the picture, which is somewhat too high for examination. We catch a glimpse, however, of very beautifully painted distance, and know, from previous productions of the artist, that this must possess considerable excellence.

No. 522. 'Rienzi in the Forum,' A. Elmore. It is absolutely refreshing to turn to a picture like this, after having been dosed, *usque ad nauseam*, with "Gil Blas," Don Quixote," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Rienzi is here addressing a crowd assembled around him; Petrarch is at his side, attentively listening to the energetic eloquence which is flowing from his lips. It is a work of very great and marked original power; each figure is most carefully studied, and the distribution of the characters has been made with due regard to effective composition: it raises its author to a very high rank among the living painters of our school. We foresaw, indeed, long ago, that he was sure to achieve fame, inasmuch as he was steadily and systematically pursuing the right road to excellence. A few stumbling-stones were flung in his way—last year at the Royal Academy, and this year at the British Institution—he has manfully overstepped them, and no evil circumstance can now arrest his onward progress. His future success will depend entirely on himself.

No. 523. 'Oude Scheldt—Texel Island, looking towards Nieuwe Diep and the Zuider Zee,' C. Stanfield, R.A. A much smaller picture than 'The Day after the Wreck,' but equally beautiful in all that constitutes the subject. The day is dull and windy, and the latter effect is wonderfully exemplified in the driving clouds; the sailing of some near small craft; but, above all, in the astonishing movement and clearness of the water, which is painted with a triumphant challenge to the closest comparison with nature, even to the slightest beading on the crests of the waves. We may say of this artist that before his time water has never before been so painted, and, as approaching as closely to the reality as painting admits of, can never be excelled.

No. 528. 'The Pear-tree Well—a romantic well on the banks of the Kelvin, near Glasgow,' J. G. Gilbert. Three figures are here brought out from a dark background by means of an artificial light, according to the principle of some of the earlier Italian masters. The figures are well drawn and the effect is powerful.

No. 529. 'The Blind Fiddler,' R. Huskinson. He is playing and singing at a stable-

door, whence is protruded a horse's head. This class of subject can be relished only by a taste of the lowest kind.

No. 531. 'Scene on board a Steamer crossing from Havre to Honfleur,' F. Biard. M. Biard, we know, can paint better pictures than this, but it would seem that he rates our taste at no higher standard. To his work, as that of a foreigner of some talent, has been accorded a place of honour; but we had thought better of him had we not seen his production so closely. The subject shows the utmost inconveniences of a crowd of passengers going to Honfleur, midway in their *trajet*, with a heavy sea rolling into the estuary of the Seine. This most disgusting production, which does not rise beyond the very lowest caricature, we doubt not has been rejected by the good taste of the French people as not fit to garnish the walls of the lowest cabaret.

No. 543. 'The Theory of Gravitation suggested to Sir Isaac Newton by the Fall of an Apple,' H. Barraud. A figure, which we may suppose to represent Newton, sits holding an apple in his hand, and beyond this there is no appropriate allusion.

No. 544. 'The Lady Arthur Lennox,' F. Grant, A. The lady stands in an unstudied attitude, and dressed in a manner equally simple. The colour and expression are highly successful.

No. 551. 'The Moors beleaguered by the Spaniards in the City of Valencia,' F. P. Poole. A picture which manifests great power; it is sufficient to sustain, though it will fail to enhance, the reputation which the artist established last year. That which was then original is now, however, only a repetition; and, moreover, we receive from it a hint to guard the accomplished painter against the danger of "mannerism,"—the shoals upon which so many fine minds have been wrecked. The principal figure in this work is that of the Moorish governor, a cruel and relentless man, who held the city against the besiegers till the last extremity. He stands amid a crowd of the inhabitants, dying and dead. A mother stands at his side, imploring his attention to the wasted form of her child dying of hunger; but he himself, already ghastly with suffering, disdains to cast a look upon the dying child. It is early daybreak; the beacon lights are as yet unextinguished, and famishing wretches are rising from their hard beds upon the city walls. The work is eloquent—but eloquent of misery. It cannot be seen without pain. The spectator partakes of the sufferings of those on whom he looks. So far the object of the artist has been answered; but a mind great as his should have aimed at a loftier purpose. As an example of masterly skill in depicting human agony, the merit of the picture is unquestionable; it tells a fearful story; and its moral may be the wretchedness and the wickedness of war. Still, we cannot but lament that a painter of so much power should not have exerted that power in order to achieve a nobler end.

No. 552. 'The Tomb of Christ immediately after the Resurrection,' F. Danby, A. "And he said unto them, be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen: he is not here." These are the words addressed by "the young man who was sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment," addressed to Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James. The time being early morning the whole field is in shade, except the tomb, and here the artist has shown his wonderful command of material in painting light. The angel is placed in a dazzling sheen, represented with a truth which cannot be excelled.

No. 557. 'The Vicar of Wakefield Addressing Olivia, after one of Squire Thornhill's Visits to the Vicarage,' J. Hollins, A. With respect to the mere mechanique of the Art there is much to praise in this picture, but the faces are singularly forbidding. When shall we see the last of the Vicar? Our artists look only to each other for hints for subjects.

OCTAGON ROOM.

We repeat the observations we have thrice made during the last three years: it is most unfair and unjust to hang pictures in this chamber—"the condemned hole" of the Academy. Unfortunately, the evil doom of unhappy wights—who are here gibbeted and not exhibited—receives additional torture from the fact that it contains some pictures which, to receive justice, should be hung on the line in the Great Room. Two or three painters, however, appear as if they enjoyed a prescriptive right to it. Last year Mr. Lance was here exposed; this year *his only contribution* to the collection is thus disposed of. It is a picture that would do honour to any member of the Royal Academy. Mr. Sydney Cooper's best work is again here (he has but one other in the Exhibition). Here, too, is *the only offering* of M'Innes. Here also is M'Ian's solitary effort. There are at least a dozen other artists who have been thus smothered — whose excellence no one will deny, and whose claim to worthier stations no member of the Academy will for a moment call in question. It may be expedient (if the apartment is opened at all) to hang in it some good works, in order that the mark of ignominy may not be instantly apparent; but how much more satisfactory would it be to find works by the members occupying it, in lieu of productions (some of them, as we have shown, *single ones*) by artists who can less safely afford the ban of a whole twelvemonth. It is difficult to conceive upon what principle the hanging here is conducted. Last year, for instance, here Mr. Frith's only picture was placed; the year before he had a capital position; and this year he enjoys one of the stations usually allotted to men who are considered among the earliest candidates to obtain admission into the Academy. The chamber is fit for nothing but to hold hats and umbrellas. And this the Academy knows well, for we have never seen here a production by any one of its members.

No. 558. 'Luther Listening to the Sacred Ballad,' R. M'Innes. The ballad (one of the great reformer's discourses versified by Paul Spretter) is sung under his window to a crowd of listeners, and Luther himself appears at the window. The canvas is crowded with figures and objects, which seem to enfeeble the main purpose. The artist, however, must be content to be judged by what he has done rather than by what he now exhibits—for, of his picture, so placed, a very limited judgment can be formed.

No. 562. 'The Fountain of Youth.' This work appears without a name: if it be accidental, it is highly reprehensible, inasmuch as the production is one of many beauties; and this is another of the numerous evidences in favour of a proper revision of the Royal Academy catalogue—the most incorrect that falls into our hands. The picture is much like one of Giorgione's garden scenes: it affects intimately the Italian style, and shows (as far as we can see) elegant taste and graceful drawing.

No. 563. 'The New Ballad,' T. S. Cooper. The title had led us to think that the artist had forsaken the pastoral and adopted a new style of composition; but no—it is the Dorcas of the picture whom the ballad concerns. A herd of cows, a cowshed, and trees constitute the objects, and it is to be wished the trees had been omitted. We need not ask, with Menalcas, to whom the cows belong—*verum Ægonis*—that is, they are clearly Cooper's.

No. 571. 'The Grandmother's Blessing,' G. Lance. So little does this work show of the painter's wonted manner, that we should scarcely have recognised him here. The composition is constituted of three fine figures carefully painted; the head of the principal, a young lacemaker, being absolutely beautiful. The story is eloquently and happily told.

No. 577. * * * R. R. M'Ian. Another excellent production put positively out of the way; the evil of having a picture at all in the Octagon Room is sufficient, without its being, moreover, absolutely shelved. The subject is one of the most critical passages in the life of Prince Charles Edward—that is, his concealment and protection by the "seven men of Glenmoriston," at a time when £30,000 were offered for him dead or alive. Hugh Chisholm (one of the seven) has slain a dragoon who was bearing despatches to Fort Augustus, and, becoming possessed of the papers, they are now in course of examination, and one of his faithful band is seen in the act of cutting the proclamation with his dirk. The artist has given no title to his work, and it requires none, so clearly are the facts made out.

No. 579. 'Vintage Scene in Southern Italy,' W. Severn. The two most prominent figures seen here were contributed by the artist in a plate to the volume of "Etched Thoughts." The picture is characterized by much more freshness than we have seen in his oil pictures.

No. 581. 'Portrait of Mrs. Cunningham,' J. Linnell. A full-length of the size usually painted by Mr. Linnell. We have to congratulate him on the better feeling evinced in the flesh colour. It is more like nature than the universal ruddy glaze thrown over all his faces—an assertion that all persons are of one complexion—a fallacy which no charm of Art can make us forget.

No. 588. 'Heath Scene,' James Stark. One of only two offerings by this always excellent artist has been sent to the condemned hole; the other is equally ill-placed. Yet on other occasions the abilities of one of our truest and best English painters of landscape seems to have been rightly estimated—usually he has been here accorded ample justice. This picture will sustain his high reputation, and give exceeding pleasure to all who will take the trouble look for it.

No. 590. 'Sketching from Nature—a Bull in the Foreground," T. Woodward. A painter has been assiduously sketching from nature, when a bull quietly walks up to him, upsets his easel, scatters his materials, and plays at peep-bo with himself round a tree. The subject is, thus, extremely poor—so poor as to be contemptible, and, consequently, the ability which marks all the works of this artist has been here thrown away. We have a fine example of skill in drawing and powers of execution wasted upon worthless matter.

No. 595. 'A Lee Shore—Gale Increasing,' J. Wilson. This picture has been adjudged as not requiring a strong light, and has been, accordingly, placed immediately under the window; yet even in this place it strikes the spectator as a work of much power.

No. 603. 'St. Valentine's Morning,' W. Kidd. An elderly gentleman is here exhibited in boisterous mirth over a valentine, apparently intended for one of the ladies of the party. The figures are vulgar, and the style is tinctured strongly with caricature.

No. 606. 'The Firstborn,' G. H. Harrison. A cottage door—young parents with their firstborn. The picture exhibits considerable ability, telling its story with marked emphasis, the main incident being true to nature. The surrounding objects, however, disturb the harmony of the scene. The garden is too full of flowers, and the flowers are too bright. The artist, indeed, appears to have considered these the principal parts of his picture.

No. 616. 'The Parting,' R. Farrier. The old story of a young man having enlisted, and now taking leave of his mother and sisters. The style of the work is hard and edgy, but there is some point in the leave-taking.

No. 619. 'Christ at the Tomb of Lazarus,' M. Claxton. The most important character in the scene is the least successful. The Saviour is as much a failure as can be well imagined in the essence of the representation. The features—indeed, the heads generally of the picture—are most objectionable. Yet the work has merits in composition and breadth, and also in colour, the harmonies of which do not seem to have resulted from principle, otherwise this excellence would have been general. The artist would do well to repaint the head of Christ, for the expression is inconceivably poor.

DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES.

In this room, as usual, objects as opposite as any two things can be are thrown together without the slightest regard to harmony of arrangement. The drawings and miniatures should, unquestionably, receive a room to themselves:—as they will do when the nation has accorded space sufficient to render justice to British Art.

No. 629. 'Portrait of Miss Jameson,' A. E. Chalon, R.A. The thin sketchy style of this artist seems to have had its day. The lady is presented standing, and has received at the hands of the painter a somewhat better complexion than he is accustomed to give even to ladies.

No. 638. 'Portrait of Mrs. Legh Richmond,' J. Bostock. A miniature carefully drawn and coloured. The figure is full-length, seated.

No. 668. 'Master Johnstone, Son of Lieut.-Col. Johnstone,' T. Carrick. We recognise more warmth of hue in this miniature than the artist usually gives; and this must be regarded as an improvement, for his colour is often too cold.

No. 694. 'Mrs. Russell and her Child,' R. Thorburn. The lady is painted at full length, holding the child in her arms. This is a production of infinite beauty, and, like all the portraits of this artist, circumstanced and treated rather as a picture than a portrait; we are, accordingly, reminded of a Madonna—the St. Sixtus, or some other similarly presented. The old-school style is carried even into the colour, which is too uniform.

No. 696. 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' J. S. Templeton. We regret to find the contributions of this excellent artist so limited in number. This is a right good example of the art, and does him credit; but it is not sufficient to uphold his character for industry as well as ability.

No. 700. 'The Rev. R. W. Baxter,' Sir W. J. Newton. The head of this miniature is brilliant to a degree, but it is of the kind that shows deference to nature. The features picture most successfully a mind within.

No. 701. 'Portrait of W. Collins, R.A.,' H. Collen. An excellent portrait, and a striking likeness.

No. 705. 'Portrait of a Lady,' C. Couzens. A full length, simply treated, but made out much in the manner and with the richness of oil painting.

No. 706. 'Henry Cubitt, Esq., of Catton,' T. Carrick. In this miniature is admirably shown the intelligence and reality of life. In execution it is distinguished by the peculiar excellence of the painter.

No. 713. 'The Hon. Mrs. Rashleigh,' R. Thorburn. The subject is drawn at full length, and seated in a pose of the most perfect ease and grace. This work is an instance of the utmost brilliancy in miniature painting. We may observe of the faces of this artist, that they are never relaxed into unmeaning simper. The countenance of this figure is full of intense inquiry, and at once engages the attention of the spectator.

No. 714. 'Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Wheeler,' Miss A. Cole. The production of a fine mind. All the works of this lady—both drawings and miniatures—are marked by qualities of considerable excellence.

No. 747. 'Major-General C. Macleod,' T. Carrick. Never were aged features more admirably drawn than by this artist, inasmuch as he succeeds in putting in all the markings of the countenance without losing breadth, and employs shade in any quantity without becoming heavy and opaque. The face here has these qualities in an eminent degree.

No. 748. 'Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch,' Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. This miniature, which seems to be set in a large buckle or clasp, shows only the head and bust. The flesh colour is pure and transparent, and the general character of the work is that of much sweetness.

No. 755. 'Portrait of Thomas Uwins, Esq., R.A.,' T. Bridgford. An excellent drawing, and a good likeness of the estimable painter. The artist also exhibits a portrait—No. 800—of Mr. Eastlake, which is, perhaps, a still more striking resemblance.

No. 760. 'The Marchioness of Douro,' Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. The lady is attired in scarlet velvet of unsurpassable brilliancy: the texture is inimitable—but here the eye rests. The head and neck look dull, for it is impossible to paint up flesh to accompany a hue so dazzling: this is, in short, a study of red velvet.

No. 771. 'The Marriage of her Majesty and Prince Albert,' Sir W. J. Newton. We were much astonished on observing that the catalogue signified this very large composition to be painted on ivory — a work comprehending fourteen full-length portraits, and measuring two feet and a half by two feet, or thereabout! The ivory is, therefore, consequently joined, and by some nice process which renders the junction imperceptible. The portraits, besides those of her Majesty and the Prince, are of course those of the royal and distinguished personages immediately surrounding the altar, as the Queen Dowager, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, &c. &c. With regard to likeness, all these portraits are most successful; and, for so large a painting on ivory, the finish is wonderfully sustained throughout. The work indeed is a striking example of industry, for the labour bestowed upon it must have been immense; not less, perhaps, than would have been required to produce an oil painting ten times the size. As a record of a very important and interesting event, the picture is worthy of all praise; the "facts" are copied with singular accuracy; every individual of the group is recognised in an instant; and as a work of Art its merits are of the very highest order. Its attraction in this room is, as will be supposed, paramount.

No. 784. 'Portrait of the Rev. R. H. Gray, M.A.,' Miss M. Hucklebridge. In this, and other works by the same graceful hand, we recognise striking resemblances, and at the same time accord to them very high merit as productions of Art. In the miniatures of this accomplished lady there is always a fortunate blending of delicacy with force; the likenesses are copied with accuracy; yet, while retaining all the leading characteristics of features, bestowing upon them of refinement just enough and no more.

No. 803. 'Selina, Viscountess Milton,' Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. A lady and child: the face of the latter is beautiful in colour, but the prominent arm of the former is wanting in form and play of outline. The draperies and objects are painted with the nicest care.

No. 804. 'The Hon. Mrs. Norton's Family,' R. Thorburn. A group of three boys, composed and painted in the feeling of the school of Reynolds. They are resting on a bank, under the shade of a tree, apparently after having been playing cricket. The picture (for such we must call it) is rich and harmonious in colour, and its depth and freedom are altogether new in miniature.

No. 817. 'Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.,' T. Carrick. The artist has somewhat refined upon Mr. O'Connell's features, and perhaps not to his advantage; the portrait is, however, readily recognisable. The colour is a little too clear, and the age of the miniature is not that of the original.

No. 823. 'The late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.,' Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. Sir Francis is in his library, attired in the manner usual with him for years, that is, wearing light-coloured smallclothes and topboots—the high tone of which diminishes the value of the head. The likeness is very striking, but the features are so highly coloured as to look flushed.

No. 846. 'Portrait of the Marchioness of Waterford,' J. Hayter. A very beautiful drawing, in the style which Mr. Hayter has made almost exclusively his own.

No. 849. 'The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London,' T. Carrick. The face is, as usual, beautifully worked up; but in this case the figure has been too little cared for, as it does not sufficiently support the head.

No. 856. 'Portraits of Two Sisters,' Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. They are standing together, relieved by a garden background: there is about the figures something of homeliness rather than grace. The positions are well chosen and easy, and the details made out with the utmost nicety.

No. 867. 'Portraits of Mrs. Adey and the Misses Adey,' Miss M. Gillies. A composition characterized by a forcible and decided style. The flesh colour, however, is heavy, and the background, which is too dark, wants the relief of transparency.

No. 893. 'The Cascatelli, near Rome,' J. Uwins. This and its "companion," No. 919, 'A Scene in Devonshire,' are beautiful water-colour drawings; but the artist ought to have been a more extensive contributor to the Exhibition.

No. 899. 'Portrait of Mrs. Ridgway, of Richmond,' A. E. Chalon, R.A. There is a strangely mannered similarity in all the faces of this artist. The lady is attired in white muslin, which is drawn with a freedom of outline which gives a most preposterous bulk to the figure.

No. 916. 'Portrait of the late George Knott, Esq., Mrs. Knott and Family, of Bohun Lodge, East Barnet,' A. E. Chalon, R.A. We cannot believe that the artist intends a drawing like this to be finished, if so it is an assumption which we cannot understand. Five or six figures enter into the composition, flat and insipid beyond description, and setting at nought everything that is valuable in drawing.

No. 938. 'Lady Marcus Hill, and the Hon. Miss Hill,' E. D. Smith. The lady is attired in black velvet, and presented at full length; the carriage of the figure is distinguished by ease and grace, and the features are drawn with much sweetness of expression. The drawing is upon cardboard, but it has all the richness and finish of an ivory miniature.

No. 943. 'Peter Borthwick, Esq., M.P.,' E. D. Smith. A three-quarter length figure, upon cardboard: the features are life-like and intelligent, and the rest of the person is forcibly drawn and relieved in a manner to give roundness and substance.

No. 948. 'Don Quixote Disputing with the Barber,' J. Gilbert. It is too bad to see here a work that would do honour to many an artist who "sits in judgment." Mr. Gilbert has produced pictures that would put to shame half the contents of the Exhibition, if so placed as to be appreciated.

No. 958. 'Choosing the Wedding-gown,' W. Mulready, R.A. A drawing in black and red chalk, showing the Vicar of Wakefield and his intended wife choosing her wedding-gown. This drawing is of amazing excellence in execution, and, what is more valuable, in conception. The Vicar of Wakefield is a hackneyed source of subject-matter, but rarely do we see such power and originality brought to bear upon the reiterated themes here exhibited. The value of this "gem" is not to be reckoned by gold.

No. 959. 'Portrait of the Bishop of Norwich,' J. Linnell. A chalk drawing made out with a free and decided touch. The features are of an elevated cast, and the artist has left his work with just finish enough.

No. 972. 'Portraits of the Baroness Anthony de Rothschild and Daughter,' Mrs. J. Robertson. One of the beautiful oil miniatures of this lady, painted with all her wonted feeling and elegance of taste. The lady is seated on a couch, and her daughter is by her side. The work has all the best qualities of oil with the finish of water colour.

No. 979. 'Portrait of Barrow Hilbert Ellis, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service,' S. A. Hart, R.A. This is a chalk drawing, to which we see the name of an experienced artist. Had the work been exhibited anonymously, it must by all who see it have been pronounced the first effort of a tyro.

No. 986. 'Portraits,' Mrs. J. Robertson. A lady, a gentleman, and their child; a domestic picture, and having an interest as such apart from that of portraiture. We cannot help expressing especial admiration of the variety of arrangement under which this lady brings forward her figures.

No. 1013. 'Portrait of Thomas Uwins, Esq., R.A.,' L. Wyon. An excellent likeness of the artist, in which the expression has been happily caught and conveyed. A small gem in the Architectural Room bearing this name will attract and deserve notice; numbered 1245.

No. 1024. 'Portraits of the three eldest Children of the Hon. Charles Hanbury Tracey,' Miss F. Corbaux. They are drawn on paper or cardboard; the features are carefully made out, and they are gracefully grouped.

No. 1025. 'Portraits of the three Children of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle,' J. Hayter. This drawing is also in chalk, and somewhat larger than usual with the artist. The manner is as slight as it can be to define the figure at all. This is certainly one of the best productions we have ever seen in this apparently rapid style.

No. 1035. 'Miss Adelaide Kemble as Norma,' J. Hayter. A chalk drawing in this gentleman's slight, but elegant style; the figure is full, but very like Miss Kemble in the character. The drawing is of rare and surpassing delicacy and beauty.

THE ARCHITECTURE.

If, as ought to be the case, we may judge of what is actually going on in architecture by the annual show of designs and drawings at the Royal Academy, there seems to be comparatively little of importance either recently completed or still in progress just now; neither do we see much promise in regard to buildings which are about to be undertaken. There are several "*designs for*" particular and specific purposes, which do not seem to be *intended* for execution, if by "intended" is to be understood that it is actually contemplated to adopt them. There is scarcely a single drawing by any provincial architect to show us what has been lately done, or is now going on, in some of the principal places in the kingdom. In this respect, however, the present Exhibition is pretty much the same as usual, it being an exceedingly rare thing to meet with any drawings of provincial buildings, unless they happen to be by professional men who reside in the metropolis. As usual, too, not above one half of the drawings which are hung up—and we speak in moderation—can be fairly seen, and, as subjects of the kind require to be, in such a manner that all their details can be made out.

To one class of *invisibles* we have already alluded, viz., to such as are present, but might nearly as well be absent, for aught that can be seen of them. There is, however, another class of "invisibles," who are so for the excellent reason that they have not chosen to make their appearance here at all. Among these the post of *honour* must be assigned to the Professor of Architecture himself, who, as was the case last season, has not contributed a single drawing, which is certainly not what ought to be; nor does it evince indifference alone, but something also like the apprehension lest his own productions would not endure comparison with those of many others. Such has been said before now of Sir Robert Smirke, and in his case, not exhibiting undoubtedly argues prudence. We began to fear, however, that he had this year been betrayed into the indiscretion of exposing to profane eyes the model of the façade for the British Museum, for scarcely had we entered the room, and begun to unfurl our catalogue, when we heard some one exclaim, "Look! that must be the British Museum." Accordingly we did look—although the speech was not addressed to ourselves—and found the object to which our attention had been so startlingly roused, to be, not the British Museum, or anything at all like it, but Mr. Bunning's model for the Royal Exchange (1258), which is not likely to put us out of conceit with the structure now erected.

Having thus accidently begun to speak of models first, we will at once express our admiration of a most charming thing of the kind, viz., No. 1240, 'Model of the proposed Design for the Nunhead Cemetery Chapel,' Raphael Brandon. Though exceedingly simple, even plain in style—the order being only an undecorated Roman Doric *alias* Tuscan—the arrangement of the portico and of the colonnades is singularly striking, productive of the happiest effects of perspective and light and shade. In fact it so rivetted our attention that we looked at it again and again, till we have it almost by heart. Yet it would be much easier for us to sketch out the plan with our pencil, than to describe it at all intelligibly with our pen, except by going into far more particular explanation than we can here do. We must, therefore, content ourselves with commending it in merely general terms, though with cordial approbation. We only fear that it is by far too classical an idea to be chosen for execution; and for aught we know it may already have been rejected, for there is more than one other design for the same Cemetery Chapel, and two of them are described as being "intended to be erected," one on the consecrated, the other on the unconsecrated ground (Nos. 1195 and 1206, T. Little). Both of them are in the Gothic style, and good specimens of Decorated English; but we have now so many Gothic churches and chapels that we would fain have something else besides, more especially when it happens to be so excellent of its kind as the model we have been speaking of.

Instead of following the order—or rather disorder—of the catalogue, we shall put the drawings of the respective exhibitors whom we notice under their names; and, as the alphabet gives him precedency, the first to be noticed is

Allom, T., who has sent four drawings, viz., Nos. 1081, 1129, 1144, and 1157. To the merits of the first of these, as a drawing, we are not exactly in a temper to do justice, as we have an utter aversion to all such barbarous, unartistic representations as bird's-eye views, under which denomination comes this 'View of London from the Steeple of St. Bride's Church,' showing a maze of tiles and roofs, garret windows and chimneys, with the upper part of St. Paul's, and the steeples of sundry churches rising up out of that mass of deformity.—We could, too, have spared No. 1129, his 'Design for the Leicester Monument,' for although, like everything of Allom's, tasteful as a drawing, the design is exceedingly poor, a mere respectable "column," and, as such, perhaps it was likely to hit the taste of those who dictated such a form; but it certainly was not worth sending to the Exhibition as a specimen of its author's invention;—and this remark applies to all the other designs for the same monument which we here meet with.—In No. 1144, 'Design for the Interior of the Chapel, Nunhead Cemetery,' we have Mr. Allom in his true element. The idea is evidently borrowed from St. Stephen's, Walbrook, but is treated very far more classically and gracefully; the style of architecture is very much improved—at once simplified and enriched; all the notable blemishes which disfigure Wren's noted work are avoided, while beauties which the church did not admit of are here introduced. Either this or Mr. Brandon's should have been chosen.—No. 1157, 'Design for Torquay Church,' is also highly creditable to Mr. Allom.

Barry, C., has this year sent two splendid drawings of that architectural leviathan the Palace of Westminster: No. 1186, a view of the river front, from the south-east, and No. 1196, from the north-east, showing nearly the whole of his proposed new Westminster-bridge. It is very frequently the fate of architects to be compelled to curtail and pare down their first approved designs, even though they may be very ill able to spare anything; Barry, on the contrary, goes on adding to his first ideas, and enlarging his edifice, at a most prodigious rate. Besides a vast increase of decoration, we have an entire additional range of building forming a façade along Bridge-street, and the towers both multiply and increase, for the clock-tower was, as originally proposed, but a dwarf in comparison with the gigantic mass here shown. As if these extra items would be a mere trifle, Mr. Barry now "suggests" a bridge—which will not help to abridge the sum total. At the rate he goes on, there will not be much cash left for interior decoration, fresco-painting, and sculpture. It does not, however, exactly follow that all Mr. Barry's magnificent suggestions will be carried into effect as matter of course.

Batson, A., No. 1204, would never be taken for a 'Design for a Villa,' but for its being so entitled. It is in fact a most enormous mass, piled up with tiers of columns rising above one another to what would be about three times the height of Buckingham Palace. One might fancy it was taken from the 'Palace of Queen Dido' in some old print, so fantastically pompous is it. If it has anything to recommend it, it is that of being consistently extravagant in every respect—in drawing and colouring as well as in idea and design. In speaking last year of Mr. Batson's 'Street Architecture,' we willingly overlooked much that was *outré* and affected, in favour of what promised originality, but which we now find to be little better than downright extravaganza, and the copying some of the worst characteristics of the worst Italian.

Beazley, S., No. 1160, 'The Parthenon Library, Regent-street.' Never has Mr. Beazley satisfied us so well as in this interior, which, although neither very spacious nor highly ornamented, is unusually piquant. There is, perhaps, somewhat of Soane about it, but without his paltry freaks. The room consists of three compartments, divided by arches, and covered with pendentive domes. The centre compartment is enlarged by a semicircular bay opposite the fireplace, and the other two are lighted by large semicircular windows

over the bookcases, on the same side as the bay, which give the whole a pleasing variety. The drawing itself is a very clever one, and though not quite so well placed as it might have been, is, by good luck, put where it can be seen.

Donthorn, W. J., does not exhibit his successful design for the 'Leicester Memorial,' although it is, we trust, much superior to any of those which we here see; but we have in No. 1224, 'Folkington Place, Sussex, erected for F. Sheppard, Esq., M.P.,' a very happy example of the domestic Tudor style, in flint-work and stone. The foreground accessaries of this drawing are remarkably well treated.

Garling, H., jun., has two drawings (Nos. 1108 and 1173) of a 'Design for a Metropolitan Music Hall and Royal Academy of Music,' which obtained the gold medal in December last. Like all architectural prize subjects, it is a tremendously pompous affair: in point of size it matches the 'Palace of Westminster;' but it consists of only the same stereotype commonplaces which are served up on such occasions. The interior view is a less hackneyed composition, yet not very original, since it seems borrowed from—at least founded upon—Elmes' 'Design for the Interior of St. George's Hall, Liverpool,' though it is anything but an improvement upon it. We suspect, too, that such a hall would be found exceedingly ill-adapted for a music-room, owing to the very large tribunes or recesses along its sides.

Graham, C., No. 1077, 'View of the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg, taken from Count Strogonoff's Balcony,' is such a miserable performance as on that very account to force itself upon notice, because its title almost compels one to look at it. We trust, however, that it is in every respect a foul libel upon the architecture of St. Petersburg, otherwise those who have spoken of the grandeur of the Nevsky Prospect have availed themselves of the travellers' privilege to a most unconscionable extent.

Hardwick, P.—We should like to have seen some more drawings of the new buildings at Lincoln's Inn, whereas Mr. H. exhibits only one subject. No. 1145, 'The Hall near Barnstaple, as proposed to be rebuilt by Robert Chichester, Esq.' The style adopted is a mixture of Tudor and Elizabethan; or, rather, the building generally is in the former style, with some features borrowed from the latter introduced in parts. Without being very remarkable the design is good, nor does the drawing show it to disadvantage.

Haywood, W., No. 1057, 'Perspective View of a Nobleman's Residence on the Banks of the Thames, near Hampton.' This title is somewhat ambiguous and perplexing, since it does not inform us whether we are to consider this drawing as a design by Mr. Haywood himself, a view of a building erected by him, or of one which he has merely taken as an architectural subject. Still there are some circumstances which incline us to fancy that the first supposition must be the right one. In the first place, hardly anything but the parental *storge* of an architect for his own production would have induced any one to select such a subject; secondly, the drawing itself evidently betrays the manipulation of the "office," of which last we have again evidence in the expression 'Perspective View,' the information conveyed by it being generally considered superfluous in the case of actual views of buildings. More to the purpose would it have been to have told us the name of the nobleman whose residence we here behold, but whose taste we cannot compliment; although, so far, secrecy may be discretion. There is but one thing which accuses this design as a quite modern one, and that is the campanile, a feature which has of late come very much into vogue. In all other respects the building is in a most barbarous style, with several nondescript Venetian windows of the most hideous design. Nevertheless, as if to increase the wonder, this drawing has obtained a very good situation, while others, which we should take to be of far greater merit and interest, are put all but entirely out of sight.

Hopper, T., shows us, in No. 1218, his rejected design for the new 'Conservative Club-house,' in St. James's-street; and, if the others which were sent in were of the same quality, the adopted deserved the preference, poor and unsatisfactory as it is in many respects.—No. 1221, 'Gothic Mansion,' says as little for Mr. Hopper's taste as the preceding one. It is but very mongrel "Gothic," and shows only what gives an air of strange uncouthness to a modern house, without aught that recommends that style at the present day, by its intrinsic beauty.

Hosking, W.—Although Professor Hosking's name does not appear among those of exhibitors at the end of the catalogue, he is evidently enough both the exhibitor and the author of Nos. 1143 and 1148, they being "*drawn from his sketches and under his direction*," and showing us his ideas for remodelling Westminster-bridge upon the present piers. Were it not for their subject, and the talk there has been of late about that bridge, these drawings would not stand much chance of being looked at all, except by *Pontifices*, they being anything but attractive in an exhibition-room. As it happens, however, curiosity may now induce many to compare the Professor's bridge with Mr. Barry's. The former is also Gothic, but both in a style and in a taste that eminently unfit it for grouping with the exceedingly florid exterior of the Palace of Westminster—a point upon which Mr. Barry lays particular stress. As an architectural object, the present bridge would be quite as good as, if not even better than, Mr. Hosking's.

Kendall, H. E., jun., No. 1179, 'Knebworth, Herts, the Ancient Seat of the Lyttons, now the property of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., with the Alterations proposed.' Of the two literary baronets, the author of "Pelham" will be far more aristocratically lodged at Knebworth than the author of "Waverley" was at Abbotsford. We know not if by "alterations" we are to understand enlargement also; but, according to this design, Knebworth either is, or will be, a very extensive mansion, with a profusion of oriels and bays. Of its style, however, we cannot fairly judge, the drawing being placed so high that, although it is a large one, it becomes quite fatiguing to attempt to make out the several features and details. The drawing itself we do not much admire, for it is so over-coloured that, instead of being powerful, it looks hot and heavy, and somewhat more dull than it otherwise might have done.

Lamb, E. B., has three drawings, two of which (No. 1135 and 1136) are so placed that it is impossible to do more than just discern what they are. This is the more to be regretted because the first one attracts by its title in the catalogue, viz., 'The Morning Room, one of a Series of Designs for Interior Decoration,' and, as far as it can be made out at all, seems to deserve close and attentive inspection; besides, there are so few interiors that the most should be made of what subjects of the kind there are. We may, indeed, fairly take Mr. Lamb's taste upon trust. Those who have seen the beautiful little Cemetery Chapel lately completed by him at Cambridge may very well do so. Still, so far from at all excusing, that rather aggravates the offence of which the "hangers" have here been guilty. We cannot understand why any things should be received and hung up at all if afterwards they can hardly be seen, or seen to very great disadvantage. Far better would it be to exclude them entirely than to serve them after such absurd fashion. However, we hope that Mr. Lamb's 'Interior Decorations' will come before us in a more visible shape, and that we shall have the opportunity of forming a *nearer* acquaintance with them.

Picken, J., No. 1156, 'Merchant Tailors' Hall, Threadneedle-street,' is another interior nearly in the same predicament; but it being only a view of what is merely a large room, with very little architectural interest or beauty, we feel the less annoyed.

Richardson, C. J., is also one of the *exalted*, notwithstanding that his drawing, No. 1132, 'Westwood, in Worcestershire, erected by Sir John Packington, in the Reigns of Elizabeth and Charles II.,' is somewhat of a bird's-eye view, consequently requires to be placed *below* the "line." Where it now is it looks quite distorted.

Richardson, W., No. 1187, 'Interior of the Chapter House at Howden, Yorkshire.' This is a very elegant and beautiful drawing; we notice it chiefly as presuming it to be one of a series of views in Yorkshire, now issuing in lithography, by Mr. Sunter, a publisher of that city. They will form a work of exceeding value. We have never seen a more skilful blending of accuracy in detail with picturesque character. The publication cannot fail to obtain a high reputation for the artist.

Stevens and Alexander have been more fortunate than many, for their drawings, 1076, 'Interior of the Church now building at Notting-hill,' and 1149, 'Church, building at Surbiton, Surrey,' also an interior, are very well placed, and not undeservedly so, since they are of far better character than usual—simple, without either baldness or meanness, or any sort of affectation; nor is the general simplicity at all interfered with by, or in contradiction to, the polychrome embellishment applied to the roofs, and in one of them to the upper part of the walls or clerestory.

Wood, T. P., 'Manley Hall, Staffordshire, the Seat of John Shawe Manley, Esq.' This is, decidedly, one of the best things of its class in the present Exhibition; a rather extensive mansion in the Tudor style, well composed for perspective effect, as here shown; regular in design, but not at all monotonous; ornate, yet possessing considerable breadth and repose. We wish, however, that the information in the catalogue had been more explicit, because it leaves us in doubt as to whether the design is by Mr. Wood himself or not, and as to whether the building be merely designed or actually executed and completed.

Wyatt and Brandon have this year only one subject, yet one that, while it shows well as a drawing, claims consideration as suggesting what would be a very great public improvement, somewhat less costly, and perhaps quite as desirable, as Mr. Barry's Westminster-bridge. No. 1219 is a project for converting Gwydyr House either into Government offices or a club establishment, and making its exterior exactly similar in design to the 'Banqueting-house,' *alias* Whitehall Chapel, and uniting the two by means of a narrower but loftier centre-piece, with small pavilion towers, so as to produce a uniform architectural composition, of which Inigo Jones' building would be the north wing, and the new building the centre compartment and south wing. We do not know whether, as a scheme, the idea be entirely Messrs. Wyatt and Brandon's own, or if it has originated with, or is sanctioned by, the powers who hold their conclaves at Gwydyr House; but it is one which we should greatly like to see carried into execution. If it is worth while to restore ancient Gothic buildings—sometimes at an enormous expense—it is surely hardly less desirable to complete, as far as can now be done, such a piece of architecture as Jones' 'Banqueting-house,' at present a mere *piece*, whereas, if extended as here proposed, it would form an imposing architectural mass, and would convey a more adequate idea of the general

style and character of Inigo's 'Whitehall Palace,' than does the solitary specimen which we now possess. We suspect, however, that the Camdenists would rather vote for even that specimen being razed to the ground, since they look upon Inigo Jones as the great apostle of architectural *paganism* in this country, and are now thundering out their anathemas against every style of the art which is not ecclesiastical and Gothic.

We surely cannot leave this room without directing especial attention to half a dozen small and unobtrusive objects, which are, in reality, the gems of the collection here exhibited. We allude to the medals of W. Wyon, R.A. As works of Art, considered both in reference to design and execution, they are immeasurably superior to any things of the kind that have ever been produced in this country, and may vie with the purest and most classic of the gems of the antique. Seen amid the glare of an exhibition, their value is lost; but each of these four or five productions, shown together on a small table, and marked 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, would in itself amply repay a visit to the Royal Academy. In what exquisite taste are the subjects conceived!—a volume of thought in a single figure, proof of rare learning, thorough knowledge, and matured judgment and skill.

In the Architectural Room, as in the Miniature Room, there are several works which ought never to have been hung there. So placed they are ruinous to the artists whose names they bear; and in many instances these artists are men who have established reputations elsewhere.

SCULPTURE.

All who have visited the Royal Academy Exhibition may not be acquainted with the den in which British Sculpture is confined, for, the chamber being on the ground-floor, it is often overlooked by persons who are unconscious of its existence; others postpone their visits until the upper-floor rooms have been examined, and then find themselves too much fatigued to enter another apartment. Our sculpture, therefore, is likely to continue, as it has long been, a thing of nought in public estimation. Additional space is, above all things, necessary here; half a dozen works may, indeed, be seen to advantage, and, as there are not very many sculptors members of the Royal Academy, the room may suffice for them; but this branch of the Profession at large is deeply interested in procuring a change of the present system—by which they are working to be thrust into dark corners when their work is done. The sculpture chamber of our National Institution is a disgrace to the country. "Cribb'd and cabin'd and confined" within limits that would ill suffice for an ordinary kitchen, are—will the reader believe it?—no fewer than ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE WORKS, *the productions of between fifty and sixty* artists! Can we, then, expect that our sculptors shall improve under all possible discouragement? Surely not. This part of the Exhibition is not cheering. There are in the collection, however, some noble works.

No. 1265. 'Bust in marble of H.R.H. Prince Albert,' executed by command of her Majesty, J. Francis. The utmost value has been attempted to be conferred on this work by the nicety of its finish, but no mechanical aid of the kind can give elevation to its heaviness. There is a resemblance to the Prince, but it is of the coarsest vein: the features are dull, lifeless, and their feeblest points have been most prominently brought forward.

No. 1266. 'Group in Marble,' J. Gibson, R.A. This group consists of, we presume, a hunter and his dog: the man stooping forward and restraining the eagerness of the animal, which we may suppose to be in sight of game; the attention of both man and dog is directed to the same object (the former holds the latter by the collar), and the intrinsic motor of the one and the roused faculties of the other are finely distinguished, and described most appropriately. The figure is perfectly nude, and from whatever point of view the work may be examined, the description loses none of its force, nor can we discover aught save the most harmonious play of lines. In the modelling of the figure there is an entire absence of affectation—of the *petit-maître-ism* of Art—no ridiculous display of anatomy, but the whole is an assemblage of the judiciously-selected and well-understood beauties of the male figure. The style of the group is Roman, or that kind of sculpture which the Greeks practised under the Romans. We coincide with the artist in respect for what has been left us in this way, but there is assuredly no reason why the moderns should not have a distinctive style as well as the Greeks and Romans; it is not, therefore, a source of congratulation that existing talent should seek to class itself as of a school so long extinct.

No. 1267. 'Love Triumphant,' a group in marble, P. M'Dowall, A. Consisting of three figures, life-sized, a male, female, and a child, to represent Love supported between and above them. The group is skilfully composed, and shows everywhere passages of infinite beauty; but the story is not very clear. The adult figures look like a shepherd and a nymph, and the whole force of the theme turns upon the triumph of love without, perhaps, sufficient reference to it. The nymph is dressed and the shepherd nude. The work (for our objection to it amounts to little) is one of very high merit; and will go far to establish the reputation of the sculptor as foremost in his art.

No. 1268. 'Model of a Statue of the Very Rev. Henry Richard Dawson, A.M., M.R.I.A., Dean and Ordinary of St. Patrick's;' executed in marble, and erected in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; E. H. Baily, R.A. A colossal sedentary figure, with the head turned upwards in reflection, which gives to the work an air of singularity, not of originality—the dressing is heavy and without feeling.

No. 1269. 'Model of a small Statue of Paris,' executed in marble, E. H. Baily, R.A. The head of this small figure strikes us at once from its similarity to the head of Canova's Paris—it is a production altogether of extreme poverty.

No. 1270. 'Group in Marble of Hebe Banished,' J. G. Lough. The Hebe of this group is the Pandora of Flaxman, and the Mercury is a rude modification of the Mercury of Gian-Bologna. The figures are thrown together in a manner extremely difficult to understand. It is, indeed, impossible to comprehend the purpose of the work, the beauties of which are very few compared with the defects.

No. 1271. 'Statue of the Marquis of Douglas,' R. C. Lucas. This is a small eighteen-inch statue, or thereabouts, of a gentleman in the Highland garb: it is easy and graceful, but the feet are too small for a male figure.

No. 1273. 'Statue in Marble of the late Hon. Elizabeth Harriet, Daughter of Edward Granville, Lord Eliot, M.P., &c. &c.,' S. Joseph. A very beautifully-wrought statue of a lovely child, who seems merely sleeping—whose full cheek and rounded form give promise of a long life. A sad prefix is the word "late" to so promising a bud.

No. 1276. 'Colossal Marble Statue of the late Right Hon. Mr. Huskisson,' J. Gibson, R.A. We admire this statue much, but with a feeling entirely apart from all association with the name it bears. It is by no means to be said that the statue is a copy, but it, nevertheless, goes back at once to the pedestals of the Pantheon, reminding us now of Jupiter, now of Æsculapius, now of Milo—not the athlete, but the client of Cicero listening to his friend's noble defence of him. The drapery of the statue leaves the right shoulder, breast, and arm bare, falling from the left side, and covering the remainder of the person. Thus we have an admirable statue in the antique taste, but one which few persons can appreciate in reference to Mr. Huskisson.

No. 1277. 'Figure in Marble of Iago,' J. G. Lough. It will be impossible from what we see to predict a limit to the absurdities of modern sculpture. *Iago* is here draped in the ancient taste, having a head modelled from that of a female, and with a most whining and insipid expression. The statue is a poor and paltry copy of the wonderful work of William Shakspere.

No. 1278. 'Little Red Riding Hood—Statue in Marble,' W. C. Marshall. A small figure, seated. It is simple and interesting.

No. 1279. 'Group in Marble—Hermia and Helena,' S. J. B. Haydon. From the "Midsummer Night's Dream." They are seated, and, if not conceived in a refined feeling, the work is, at least, graceful and skilfully composed.

No. 1281. 'Group in Marble—Adam Consoling Eve after the Transgression,' W. Scoular. The feeling of the passage is strongly conveyed into these two small figures, which are extremely elegant and poetical.

No. 1283. 'A Marble Statue of the late Lord Rolle, in the Robe worn at the Coronation of her Majesty,' E. B. Stephens. The statue is large, and a peer's robe is thrown over the ordinary dress. It is the portrait of an aged person: the figure is seated, and it is not only in the face that we see the traces of years, but the entire personal character, and, especially the pose, declare this. The work possesses very remarkable merits. Few better of the kind have been produced in modern times.

No. 1287. 'The Mother of Moses leaving him on the Banks of the Nile,' H. S. Leifchild. A very touching and highly interesting work, into which earnest truth has been conveyed. It is executed with masterly skill.

No. 1288. 'Elizabeth of York,' E. R. Smith. This is one of a series. It is a fine and impressive work, indicative of rightly directed power.

No. 1289. 'Monumental Figure in Memory of Emily Isabella Smith Pigott, Daughter of John Hugh Smith Pigott, of Brockley-hall, Somersetshire,' H. Weekes. A life-sized female figure, in the act of prayer, fixed on a plain marble base, in the manner of alto-relievo. The head and the expression of the features display much fine feeling; but this does not extend to the figure, which, cut as it is, looks poor and ill proportioned.

No. 1290. 'The Model of the Statue of Law, designed and executed in Stone for the New Assize Courts in Cambridge,' E. Davies. A colossal figure, modelled in the rough: it is erect, and holds a tablet. The model is in a severe and elevated style, consonant with the subject.

No. 1294. 'Deliver us from Evil,' E. G. Papworth. The composition is masterly, but the idea is not new. It shows a man hanging over an abyss, into which fiends are dragging him, but for the aid of an angel, to whom he clings. The demons are active in their office, but the angel is too lukewarm in the cause.

No. 1297. 'The Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ,' E. B. Stephens. This model obtained the gold medal of the Royal Academy in 1843. A Centaur is bearing off a woman, when one of the Lapithæ seized a golden goblet, which he hurled at the Centaur, and thus slew him. There is rich modelling in the Lapitha as about to throw the goblet: there is great strength and firmness in the figure. In all respects the work is worthy the distinction it obtained. The subject, however, is too hackneyed and worn out—but that is not the fault of the artist, who did not select it.

No. 1302. 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' W. C. Marshall. The arm of the Saviour is thrown forward, and he is looking away from those around him as if his attention was otherwise occupied. This error destroys the unity of the composition.

No. 1303. 'Orphans,' F. M. Miller. We made reference to this work some time ago, as in progress for the London Orphan Asylum, in which the young artist was educated. The group is one of right good promise: it possesses no inconsiderable merit, and exhibits proof of rightly directed thought and study.

No. 1305. 'A Bronze Statuette of General Comte D'Orsay,' Comte D'Orsay. The figure, about a foot high, is attired in the uniform of a general officer. This little work is highly finished, and distinguished by much natural ease in attitude.

No. 1308. 'Macready,' W. Behnes. It is impossible to mistake the features, but we think the artist has taken up and dwelt upon them in somewhat of the more severe vein of Mr. Macready.

No. 1314. 'Marble Bust of the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston,' T. Sharp. There is a strong likeness in the general contour, but there is a want of dignity and mind in the work.

No. 1315. 'Marble Bust of Joshua Evans, Esq., Commissioner of the Court of Bankruptcy,' C. Moore. This is a thinking head, which is well supported by the simple treatment of the whole work.

No. 1317. 'Bust of George Stephenson, Esq., Civil Engineer,' J. Pitts. This is a very good and very striking likeness of the great master of railroads, whose rough countenance, with its thoughtful, deliberative, and argumentative expression, has been caught and retained with peculiar judgment and skill. The work, too, is excellent in execution, and reflects altogether high credit on the young artist.

No. 1322. 'Bust in Marble of Charles Brown, Esq., of Combe Croydon,' P. Park. The *bravura* manner of this artist sometimes settles down to a style striking and original. This finely-moulded face is admirably accompanied by the peculiar modelling of the hair.

No. 1326. 'Fitzroy Kelly,' W. Behnes. A striking semblance of life is given to the work by the searching intensity of the eyes, so well supported by the coincidence of the rest of the features.

No. 1327. 'A Painter's Model,' H. Townsend. A model which supplied directions for the treatment of an excellent painting by the same master hand. It is moulded with remarkable freedom, the obvious work of a true artist.

No. 1328. 'Bust in Marble of Lady Ridley,' J. G. Lough. The hair first strikes the spectator in this bust: it wants breadth, being too "stringy;" it is then observed that there is vacancy in the lower part of the face.

No. 1332. 'Bust of Charles Kemble,' T. Butler. This is an admirable head, the best portrait of Mr. Kemble we have ever seen. The treatment is simple, even to severity, and thus accords with the irresistible penetrating eye and the determined modelling of the face. Nothing more perfectly Roman have we ever seen; it is the *beau ideal* of the stern Cato—not he of the drama, but the Marcus Cato whom even the advocate of Murœna feared, and with whom we ask—"*Quid accusas Catonem?*"

No. 1349. 'Bust in Marble of the late Hon. Mrs. C. Howard,' J. G. Lough. The face is characterized by much feminine gentleness, but the feeling is not extended to the modelling of the drapery.

No. 1354. 'Marble Bust of the Hon. Mrs. Norton,' T. Butler. A work of striking originality, and very like the lady. The features are marked by a refined and exalted sentiment rarely met with in portraiture. In its entire arrangement, and especially in the manner of the hair, the work strikes the spectator as something Sappho-like.

No. 1359. 'Caractacus before Claudius,' W. C. Marshall. Much dignity and native force are apparent in this fine statue. It is a conception which manifests much ability.

No. 1360. 'Bust in Bronze of Cordelia,' S. J. B. Haydon. This is a small work—a graceful and elegant conception, but there is not enough of it to strike us as *Cordelia*.

No. 1368. 'A Posthumous Bust of General Comte D'Orsay,' Comte D'Orsay. It is difficult to see this work in consequence of its position. It seems, however, to be approaching the colossal, and treated as that of a Roman commander.

No. 1372. 'Bust of H. R. H. Prince Albert,' W. Scoular. This is among the worst of the portraits of the Prince we have seen.

No. 1374. 'Hebe followed by an Eagle,' F. Thrupp. A small marble statue of much elegance and natural grace. Works of this size in marble are, we rejoice to say, increasing: they are placed within the reach of lovers of Art whose purses are not very weighty.

No. 1379. 'Bust in Plaster of Mrs. Mackay,' P. Park. The manner of the hair gives a heavy appearance to the head, which is nevertheless striking and full of character.

No 1380. 'D. O'Connell, M.P.,' J. E. Jones. A striking and remarkably accurate copy of features, which once seen will be seldom forgotten. The artist has given to the Irish Agitator something too much of the "Old Roman." To the friends of the modern "Patriot," however, the character thus accorded to him will not be unacceptable; and to their especial notice this bust may be recommended, for it is one which exhibits "the leader of all Ireland" in a very favourable light.

No. 1382. 'Bust of the Lady of Malohn Rymer, Esq.,' J. Durham. Expression of ease, grace, and self-possession; the work is not seen in a very favourable light, but the eyes seem most successfully modelled.

No. 1387. 'Marble Bust (posthumous) of the late Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., F.R.S.,' H. Weekes. This work, we are told, was executed by command of the College of Surgeons; it represents Sir Astley at a period some time antecedent to that of his death, and, although a posthumous work, bears a strong resemblance to him.

No. 1391. 'W. D. Saull, Esq.,' S. Nixon. This work is in plaster, it is broad and free in execution, and firmness and decision are written in the lineaments.

No. 1396. 'Bust of Captain Colin Mackenzie,' T. Butler. We see a Scottish name to this work, otherwise we should have pronounced it the portrait of an Oriental, and one of the most remarkable for its sentiment and picturesque arrangement we have ever seen.

No. 1400. 'Bust of Sir Philip Crampton, State Surgeon in Ireland,' C. Moore. This is a fine character of head, characteristic of a strong and acute thinker. The artist has invested it with an interest beyond that of mere portraiture.

No. 1401. 'Espartero,' J. E. Jones. A bust full of vigour and life, with just the character we should attribute to one of the most remarkable men of the age.

No. 1409. 'Sleep and Death bearing off the Body of Sarpedon,' M. L. Watson. This is a small bronze, placed nearly out of sight at the door on entering, though in elegance of taste and real poetry we know not where to look for another living sculptor who could equal it. It has the exquisite feeling of Flaxman, but is not a copy from him. It is a bas-relief, and rivals the most beautiful sculptures of its style.

No. 1410. 'Model of a Marble Monument, erected in St. Margaret's, Lothbury,' E. W. Wyon. A work of considerable merit, showing that the excellent artist possesses capabilities for monumental art. Among the medallions in the Architectural Room there is a very beautiful production ('Venus and Adonis,' No. 1247) by the same hand, and a 'Medallic Portrait' (No. 1264) of much excellence.

We must compress into a very small compass our remarks on the other busts, of which there are above one hundred. Among those that will best attract and repay notice, are No. 1337, 'A Lady,' L. Macdonald; No. 1355, 'The Bishop of Ripon,' E. Davis; No. 1366, 'The Rev. Hugh M'Neil,' J. E. Jones; No. 1373, 'Head of Charles Dickens,' P. Park; No. 1384, 'Sir Frederick Pollock,' W. Behnes; No. 1385, 'The Earl of Shannon,' S. Joseph, A.; No. 1386, 'The Lady Courtenay,' E. B. Stephens; No. 1399, 'Lord Devon," by the same; No. 1391; and three admirable busts, Nos. 1404, 1405, and 1406, by P. M'Dowell, A.R.A.

We have now brought this article to a close. We cannot apologize for the space we have devoted it, inasmuch as it has seemed to us to be required by the subject. The public journals, generally, slight the matter far too much; the great majority of the exhibitors are altogether lost sight of; and it is seldom recollected that upon these walls may be seen the produce of a whole year's labour, the producer of which will have no other chance of obtaining that which is very dear to all of us—the pleasant recompense of just appreciation.

We have, therefore, thought it our duty to endeavour to notice every picture in the Exhibition which appeared to us to possess merit. We trust we shall be found to have "done our spiriting gently," although justly. The reader, who has patience to peruse the whole of these pages, will readily understand that no small degree of patience must have been requisite to the writer of them. The labour is unquestionably of a very tedious and trying kind; but it is not uncheered by the conviction that, in our humble degree, we are administering the rewards which men of genius work for.

The present Exhibition will be—taken as a whole—accepted as affording satisfactory evidence of the progress of British Art. It contains, indeed, no *very* remarkable work; none, at all events, around which crowds will gather, and at which "the critic" may perchance get "a peep," if an hour of time be of no value, or he is content to be considered a very rude person; but there is in the collection a character of even excellence far more encouraging than if surpassing success had rewarded the efforts of one or two individuals. In thus expressing satisfaction at the general state of the Exhibition, we refer, however, rather to those who may be described as candidates for first places, than to those by whom these places are held; to be sure there is a point in life as well as in genius at which improvement may be supposed to stop; but many members of the Royal Academy, who have not attained it, are giving no evidence of augmented power as arising out of added knowledge and increased experience. Neither can we point attention to many of the younger candidates for "fame hereafter," as startling us by strong promise of future renown; there are indeed of names with which the public are unacquainted, perhaps no more than two that demand especial reference: we allude to the very fine work of Mr. Elmore, and to the two meritorious productions of Mr. Hannah—concerning whom, by the way, our praise has been much too limited and cold. In deducing encouragement from the Exhibition, therefore, we draw it mainly from the contributions of the younger artists who are supposed to have passed the earlier examinations and are on the way to upper seats,—whose works this year are advances upon those of years preceding. It might seem invidious to mention names, but many of them will at once occur to the visitor.

We see, with very deep regret, that the view taken by the public press generally is not such as to be creditable to the writers, beneficial to the Royal Academy, or useful to the Arts. Criticisms have been written in the most ungenerous and illiberal spirit—and sometimes in offensive language, applied to artists of high genius and sound learning—by men who know very little concerning what they write about. But abuse is always a facile task: it is quite as easy to call names as to throw stones, and much safer when he who assaults is protected by a screen which prevents all recognition, and consequently all retribution. *Nearly all*, we should say; for we have read criticisms on pictures and their producers for which, we are very sure, the publishers might be made to answer in the courts at Westminster. But, if any member of the Royal Academy brought any action of the kind, it would certainly be a plea in justification that the circumstances under which public critics are placed by that body almost prevent the possibility of judging either justly or generously; not alone by irritating the temper, but by inducing such fatigue as amounts to incompetency, and (in many instances) by so effectually hiding works as to render them, for all useful purpose, invisible. The members of the Royal Academy are, however, it may be, sufficiently strong to bear these attacks—the attacks of the whole press of the kingdom, with scarcely one exception. We know, at least, that they assume to be so; and offer contumely with interest to those whom they cannot prevent the public voice from appointing as their judges. In complaining of the mode in which the subject is treated by public journalists, our protest is entered on behalf of the Profession at large; who are not responsible for the narrow-minded and selfish policy of the Royal Academy, and who ought not to be punished for it.

But, as we have elsewhere said, a reform of this Institution is at hand; and we cannot close a long and laboured review of the results of British Art during the past year without again adverting to a topic of vital interest to every gentleman with whom the pursuit is a profession by which he lives.

Once more we earnestly and respectfully put it to the good sense of the members of the Royal Academy, whether it is reasonable to suppose that thousands will continue willing to be governed by tens—unless these tens are either of their own choosing, or are so greatly their superiors that instinct shall almost point them out as rulers of the mass. Some fifty or sixty years ago there were, perhaps, in all England about five hundred artists by profession; of these it was a just proportion to select about sixty for professional honours. Now, however, instead of five hundred there are more than five thousand so circumstanced, while the number of individuals *decoré* continues just the same as it was when the last century was closing upon the world.

We are by no means sure that the addition of numbers to the body will produce the beneficial changes we hope for; but, as an act of mere justice, this seems a preliminary; nor are we at all anxious that the addenda should be very extensive—so as to make the honour too cheap to be valuable.

We desire only that a more generous spirit—a spirit more commensurate with the advanced and advancing character of the age—should sway the councils and direct the proceedings of the Royal Academy; and, to accomplish this salutary purpose, we would incur some hazard. We repeat, this hazard will be of very little account, if the members of the Royal Academy will themselves set about the work of Reformation. But if they continue to fold the mantle of dignity round their heads, and shut their eyes against threatened fate, they may die gracefully indeed; but die they surely will.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Fortieth Exhibition, 1844.

It is needless, now-a-days, to precede a review of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours by any remarks. It is, as it deserves to be, fully established in public favour; its rooms are generally crowded all the while they remain open; and admission to the body is a sort of diploma. This year the collection is decidedly good—the landscapes more especially. The collection this year consists of three hundred and eighteen works.

No. 9. 'West Porch of the Cathedral at Ratisbonne,' S. Prout. This artist has so entirely appropriated to himself the rich and ragged Gothic of such edifices as this that we feel no other brush—or chisel, we may safely say—could do justice to the colourless sandstone. The main objects in the composition are the vast columns of the porch, around which are niched the venerable fathers of the Church.

No. 15. 'Bay Window in the Drawing-room at Lyme Hall, Cheshire,' Joseph Nash. A perfect picture of a state apartment of the sixteenth century, made out in the complex detail with unexampled nicety. The light in this drawing is most skilfully rendered, and is the more pleasing as being so evidently that of the room itself.

No. 16. 'Summons to the Noonday Meal—North Wales,' D. Cox. The foreground and hilly distance are admirably drawn, but the clouds are leathery and motionless, and it cannot well be told whether it is intended they should mingle with the distant high land or otherwise. The "summons" is the winding of the cow-horn to the shepherd on the distant hill-side.

No. 21. 'View near Salthill, Berkshire,' P. De Wint. A brook and sedges, willows, and a few cows, constitute the "view," which, thus managed, is one of great beauty and interest.

No. 30. 'Distant View of Dunster Castle and Minehead, Somerset—Sunset,' Copley Fielding. This artist succeeds with nothing so well as the broad daylight and the sunless sky. This sunset is rusty without being light, and the entire composition is the very antipodes of that manner in which his strength lies.

No. 36. 'Looking towards Bellingham, from Tone Crag, North Tyne,' T. M. Richardson, jun. A beautiful view of a wild country, where the eye is led into the distance over a succession of downs, which at length mingle with a sky darkening with a coming storm. The effect is commonplace, but has been rarely so well described.

No. 38. 'Jedburgh Abbey,' W. Callow. The near trees in this composition are well drawn, but the whole is too like a formal pleasure-ground.

No. 41. 'Folkestone,' H. Gastineau. The spectator is upon the beach, and a view of the town is opened to him by moonlight. There is but little strong light in the drawing, consequently the more valuable is that little, employed as it is with much judgment.

No. 42. 'Dutch Boats off the Coast of Holland,' C. Bentley. A small winged galliot is the principal of these, looking as heavy on the water as these vessels usually are. The water is somewhat spotty, and too much broken by the pains taken to show the force of the wind, which, as coming off the sea, would roll it in with much heavier and more regular volume.

No. 43. 'Interior of the Hall—Crewe Hall, Cheshire,' Joseph Nash. In this drawing we see the magnificent screen—the admiration of all lovers of ancient carving—the ceiling too, with its rich tracery and numerous pendants, is a remarkable specimen of earlier domestic decoration.

No. 45. 'Girls of Moel Siabod, North Wales,' Alfred D. Fripp. These are an elder and a younger, presented characteristically enough in some respects, but they seem to have been made out from mere outline sketches, the elder of the two being so entirely flat that we cannot fancy any substance under the dress.

No. 47. 'Sea Piece—Vessel off Burlington, Yorkshire,' Copley Fielding. Apparently a pilot-boat beating out to some vessel in the offing, which is running into harbour seeking to escape a furious squall which is on all sides veiling the sky with its inky mantle. The coming squall is so forcibly pictured that the spectator trembles for vessels that may not be able to reach harbour.

No. 51. 'Chateau-de-Marienburg, on the Moselle,' J. D. Harding. The chateau is a majestic ruin, situated on a tongue of high land, which divides two streams. This is a beautiful drawing.

No. 52. 'An Interior,' W. Hunt. The substance of the drawing is a country maiden peeling turnips in a back kitchen; but its charm is the exquisite nicety of the newly-washed brick floor. The girl is idling over her work, and ready to gossip with any one similarly disposed. This artist excels in charactering the vacant lackadaisicalities of humble life.

No. 56. 'A Landscape,' P. De Wint.' Nothing but a strip of country, with one or two distant trees; but simple and beautiful beyond all conception. In this half-hour's work, after all, lies the charm of water-colour sketching.

No. 60. 'Liege,' S. Prout. According to the license of the title, this might be a distant view of the city, or a street scene; it is, however, only a *tourelle* overhanging the river, drawn with the usual excellence of the artist.

No. 65. 'Entrance to the Port of Tréport, Coast of Normandy,' W. Callow. Striking as the situation of this little harbour is, the artist has given it an interest, through judicious treatment, beyond what might have been expected, and, at the same time, having preserved the likeness of the locality.

No. 75. 'The Village of Papigno, on the Nar, between Terni and the Falls,' S. Palmer. This drawing exhibits a defiance of common principles. The time appears to be a few minutes after sunset, for the twilight in Italy is of brief duration; the village, a mass of buildings, crowns a height standing in opposition to the point when the sun was last seen, but, although so placed, the houses are yet lighted on this side as if at midday.

No. 81. 'The Contest for the Bridge,' G. Cattermole. This large and really important production will rank among the best not only of this artist, but among the very best of its kind. "The bridge" is constructed only of a few planks joined and thrown over a brook; and here have met two bands of mounted and armed men, Cavaliers and Roundheads, who are disputing the passage at the sword's point. The bridge is so crowded and so small that they have no room to injure each other much; this is an oversight here, but by no means an improbability: in fact, we can only suppose that some must be hurled over into the stream. The encounter takes place in the immediate vicinity of a stronghold of the Cavaliers, which stands surrounded by noble trees.

No. 82. 'Scene from "Comus,"—the attendant Spirit, disguised as a shepherd, listening to the rout of *Comus* and his crew,' F. O. Finch. This drawing is in a taste which we are happy to say is not a general one; it would be impossible to produce anything more stiff and formal.

No. 84. 'A Yew Tree,' W. Hunt. A most creditable eccentricity, being so widely different from the subject which this artist has now so many years painted. This yew however, be it remarked, is greatly too much of the May-green hue.

No. 91. 'Kenilworth Castle,' P. De Wint. An admirable sentiment characterizes this drawing. The majestic ruin rises at a little distance from the foreground, against a dark and lowering sky. The broken and uneven ground, with the general aspect of decay, and even the few figures that are seen, present a strong contrast to the images with which the name fills the mind.

No. 96. 'A Peasant Boy,' W. Hunt. This is the "subject" which this artist has appropriated to himself. The boy we have known for years on these walls unchanged.

No. 100. 'H. M. S. Dreadnought, Seamen's Hospital, off Greenwich,' W. C. Smith. The drawing has been made from a boat in the water; consequently the vast hulk seems to tower high over the spectators in a manner well calculated to show size.

No. 101. . . . R. Hills. The subject is the wounded stag from "As You Like It," and the drawing is another example of a singularly vapid and unnatural manner of working.

No. 103. 'Bala Lake, North Wales,' D. Cox. This is a charming production, inasmuch as it is selected as a subject with the finest feeling for the picturesque, and drawn in that successful imitation of nature which betokens an enthusiastic observance of her precepts.

No. 104. 'Dunster, Somersetshire,' P. De Wint. The materials are such as few artists

would select for a drawing. In the view itself there is nothing attractive, being a view merely taken at random; but the manner in which the broken ground, objects, and shadows are thrown in presents an example of the most daring style of drawing. The shadows are singularly positive, yet we would not have them less so, affording as they do an example of the power of harmonizing in daylight scenes the strongest incidental shadows.

No. 108. 'Moor Scene, near Bellingham, Northumberland,' T. M. RICHARDSON, jun. A view over a rough and broken country, which is well characterized. The sky is overcast, and the rain-cloud appears in the distance. The drawing, although perhaps in some parts somewhat injudiciously elaborated, is studied after nature.

No. 110. 'View of Snowdon, from the Sands of Traeth Mawr,' COPLEY FIELDING. The *forte* of this artist lies in scenery of this kind. Snowdon he has drawn from every point, and always successfully. The foreground here is a broad sand and shallow water, beyond which the mountain rises in the airy distance.

No. 112. 'Town and Castle of Dieppe from the Sea,' C. BENTLEY. The lower part of this drawing is unexceptionable, but a dark cloud on the left of the composition is made to assume a singularly heavy and opaque form; it wants something to make it move; and on the left the artist has forgotten the atmosphere which is to support it.

No. 113. 'The Schoolyard, Eton College—The Morning of the Montem of 1841,' W. EVANS. A somewhat singular subject, and one of no small difficulty to throw interest into. The Eton boys are here seen in their varied costumes as about to commence the collection of salt-money. The figures are carefully drawn, and in a manner to give them life and action.

No. 119. 'Gleaners—Evening,' ELIZA SHARPE. There is much profitable study in this drawing, but such a subject cannot be treated in a manner too simple. Some of these gleaners look like persons who have assumed the character. It is, moreover, a mistaken view to seek to invest such a subject with of what is called "classic feeling."

No. 126. 'View looking over the Vale of York, from near Hovingham—York Minster seen in the horizon, and Craik Castle in the middle distance on the hill to the right,' COPLEY FIELDING. This is one of the happy effects of certain of the artist's red-letter days: it is perhaps the most beautiful of the latest works by the same hand.

No. 135. 'The Refectory—Grace,' G. CATTERMOLE. The refectory (we are told) is that of some monastery on one of the Italian lakes. It is partially open, and the distant shores of the other side are discernible. Here the brethren are assembled, and, having concluded their repast, are about to rise from table, preparatory to which one of them pronounces the form of thanksgiving. This is not a style of composition in which the artist is generally known—committing his narration rather to action than expression: the devotion, however, of the characters is sufficiently obvious, but it has yet to be told what fraternity it is that thus habit themselves at will in red, blue, green—in short, in every known hue.

No. 142. 'Cologne—Moonlight,' FRED. NASH. A subject that has been often painted; but rarely with more truth or with better effect.

No. 145. 'A Windmill,' P. DE WINT. It is a prominent object on the right of the drawing, situated by a roadside, in an open heathy country, given with the effect so prevalent in the drawings of this artist.

No. 147. 'Loch Eil and Ben Nevis, Inverness-shire, North Britain,' W. TURNER. Before, and near the spectator, lies the broad lake, with its wooded banks, and in the far distance rises Ben Nevis, with its channelled sides. This we may see; but the aspect is cold, repulsive, and unnatural. It is cold without being winterly; and this effect arises from an excessive use of blue colour.

No. 149. 'Clovelly—Herring Boat at Low Water,' W. C. SMITH. The boat is well drawn, and generally well circumstanced. The distant water is, perhaps, brought somewhat too forward.

No. 150. 'Old Porch,' G. CATTERMOLE. One of the valuable trifles of this artist, done upon something resembling grocers' packing paper, such being the rough-dried material he commonly uses. It is a beautiful sketch of a relic of old domestic architecture.

No. 151. 'Port Madoc, North Wales,' C. BENTLEY. A picturesque but rugged and forbidding portion of the Welsh coast is shown here. The tide is ebbing over a sandy flat, on which are seen boats and figures. The view is closed on one side by the high land and the sky, which, by the way, is the least effective portion of the drawing.

No. 153. 'Dieppe Pier—Fishing Boats going out,' C. BENTLEY. A production much superior to the preceding, representing a very boisterous day, and, as a consequence, the water washing on to the quays and pier. The sky is stormy, and charged with driving clouds, in character with the rest of the picture.

No. 155. 'Cabinet of Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, 1527—Ducal Palace, Mantua,' LAKE PRICE. This may be termed a cabinet, but it has the air of a saloon, and decorated in the most sumptuous style of Italian splendour. The ceiling is a blue ground, almost covered with a gilt moulding, and bearing in two centre panels the motto, "Nec spe nec metu." The walls are of course enriched with pictures. Appropriate furniture is disposed around, and the effect perfected by introducing figures of the sixteenth century.

No. 157. 'Street in Bologna,' W. CALLOW. No artist goes to Bologna without sketching this view (that is to say, if his line of art lie this way), being that of the celebrated towers. The most is here made of the subject; it is dressed with something more of interest than usual.

No. 160. 'Loch Katrine—Ben Venue seen over Ellen's Island,' COPLEY FIELDING. The sun is set to the lower parts of the picture, and the loch, with its wooded islets and shores, repeats the fading light of the sky, while the mountain rises beyond, and catches the last rays of the sun. This is a drawing of great beauty, especially with respect to the management of the distance.

No. 165. 'A Moor Scene, Yorkshire,' D. COX. This artist delights in the severer aspect of nature. This "moor scene" is composed of some naked rocks in the foreground, whence the heath-covered ground rises as distance is gained. It is a day of lowering gloom, according with the wild character of the place.

No. 166. 'A Scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor,"' H. RICHTER. In character, costume, and feeling, much in the taste of our old-school compositions. The scene is that in which *Shallow* urges his "coz" to address *Anne Page*, but the figures are too close together to afford effect to the prominent action of the group, and to develop the spirit of the scene. *Fenton* and *Anne Page* do not "converse apart," according to stage instructions. The characters are also improperly dressed.

No. 167. 'View of Ben-y-Glo, looking down Glen Tilt, Perthshire,' COPLEY FIELDING. The drawing is characterized by the artist's usual airy distance, but the foreground is somewhat spotty.

No. 169. 'At Hardwicke, Derbyshire,' LAKE PRICE. Showing a section of a chamber, containing cabinets and other articles of ancient furniture, all drawn with masterly execution.

No. 173. 'Edinburgh, from Salisbury Crags,' W. CALLOW. Here are seen portions of "Auld Reekie" and "New Reekie," the prominent objects being the Castle, Waterloo Bridge, &c. &c. The drawing has been made out with the utmost care; but distance is at once lost by the error of individualizing the houses in detail.

No. 174. 'Evening,' P. DE WINT. This is a large drawing, presenting a small stream flowing through a meadow, and overshaded by trees—some boys are bathing. It is by no means so pleasing a production as many others we have noticed by the same hand.

No. 178. 'Arundel Castle, and Mill,' FRED. NASH. An excellent and highly characteristic view of a remarkably picturesque scene—the lordly castle in contrast with the home of the miller.

No. 180. 'The Traghetto, Venice,' LAKE PRICE. A work of great beauty, wherein the broad daylight is the pride of the entire composition. A principal building in the foreground is an *osteria*, before the door of which a vine trained over a framework throws a desirable shade.

No. 187. 'La Riva dei Schiavoni.' Also a Venetian scene, and by the same artist. The view is often drawn and painted, but never better than here, where there is no coquetting with unnecessary masses of shadow. The whole is admirably put together.

No. 188. 'Loch Maree, Ross-shire, North Britain—Summer Moonlight,' W. TURNER. This drawing would look better in engraving, or in anything than colour, portions of it being so blue and cold. The tranquil waters of the lake occupy the breadth of the view, and beyond are seen the distant mountains. The drawing had been one of great beauty but for the raw colouring of the water.

No. 194. 'Albert Durer's House, Nuremberg,' S. PROUT. A small drawing of little interest, but for the name associated with the principal building, a large house built in the manner of those in the north of France and in Germany, which show their framework as filled up with composition and cement.

No. 198. 'The Minstrel listening to the Echo of his Pipe,' ALFRED D. FRIPP. It would be difficult to see that he was listening to anything. He is almost a *nude*, being partially covered with a leopard skin. The drawing is neither pleasing nor very intelligible.

No. 203. 'Ben Venue from the Callender Road,' W. SCOTT. The background had been admirable with a little more warmth. The near parts of the view are ruined by the artist's insisting on the trite forms of the trees, pieces of rock, &c.

No. 204. 'Fishing Boats running into Harbour,' C. BENTLEY. A drawing of rare excellence, showing small craft making for shelter to avoid a coming storm. A boat just coming in is taking in her sails. The water has motion and transparency, and the threatening sky is most perfectly rendered. This will be classed among the best productions of the artist.

No. 207. 'Colonnades of the Ducal Palace, Venice,' S. PROUT. A fragment as usual, but one of especial importance, being presented in a drawing of considerable size. The execution is in every way unassuming, but triumphant in the realization of the intention. It is worthy the fame of one whose rank among British artists will be always high.

No. 212. 'Distant View of the Clee-hills, Shropshire,' P. DE WINT. The foreground is a nook enclosed by wooded crags, with a glimpse of a broad and airy distance, all put in with the best effect.

No. 213. 'Sunset—Bamborough Castle, Northumberland,' T. M. RICHARDSON, jun. Very rarely do we find the charming effect of this drawing equalled. The spectator is placed upon the beach, and associated with one or two fishermen, who have drawn their cobles high and dry. The castle is at a short distance on an eminence, and beyond (we presume) lie Holy Island and Berwick Bay; but the beauty of the work is the charming management of the sunset.

No. 217. 'Beech Trees in Penshurst Park,' J. D. HARDING. It is in rendering the distinctive character of trees that this artist excels all others in water-colour and with the point. Few artists give attention to trees beyond the part allotted to them in composition; but they appear here as *the* subject, and they are assuredly treated with great knowledge of their nature and manner of growth. The drawing has, moreover, infinite picturesque beauty to recommend it.

No. 220. 'The Forsaken,' W. HUNT. There is more narrative here than in the other productions by the same hand. "The Forsaken" is a girl looking the impersonation of hopeless distress. The features are of the common class, upon which the artist never refines.

No. 228. 'A Mill on the Trent,' D. COX. This is a small drawing, but touched with precisely the same breadth which characterizes Mr. Cox's larger works; and it is an error into which he is liable to fall. The water and foreground here are consequently left to the charity of the lively imagination of the spectator, while the mill and trees are a trifle better provided for.

No. 229. 'Maiden Meditation,' J. WM. WRIGHT. A girl is seated wrapt in deep thought, and circumstanced in a manner to form a drawing of much merit but for the stippling of the face.

No. 243. 'The New Lesson,' by the same artist as the preceding, is a little production of much elegance and taste. It appears to be a portrait,—a lady seated, and holding in her hand a music-book containing the "new lesson."

No. 248. 'Scene from the "Merry Wives of Windsor,"'—JOSEPH NASH,—that in which *Dr. Caius* drags *Simple* from the closet. The three figures, *Dr. Caius*, *Simple*, and *Mrs. Quickly*, are admirably pictured (that is to say, as mere figures), and rarely have the richness and finish of the little work been excelled.

No. 254. 'A Ballad Singer,' O. Oakley. In his anxiety for those rags that look well nowhere but in pictures, the artist has dressed his singer too well: we can see in her, therefore, little beyond the inappropriately-dressed studio model.

No. 256. 'Near Burgh, Fens of Lincolnshire,' C. Bentley. A windmill, with a snatch of flat country, drawn with admirable effect.

No. 257. 'Interior of a Larder,' Frederick Taylor. One of the most exquisite drawings of the kind ever made. In this larder stands a very *piquante cuisinière*, dressed to perfection in an ancient chintz gown and quilted petticoat. She is surrounded by a rich confusion of fish, fowls, and vegetables, and carries in her countenance the famous invitation to the hungry stranger—*venite ad me et ego vos restaurabo.*

No. 258. 'Birds' Nests,' W. Hunt. Those of a hedge-sparrow and perhaps a linnet are exquisite specimens of this department of Art.

No. 265. 'Sand's End, near Whitby, Yorkshire,' T. M. Richardson, jun. A small drawing of coast scenery by sunset, which is brought forward with infinite truth and spirit.

No. 266. 'Scene from "King Lear,"' Joseph Nash. That between *Lear*, *Cordelia*, and the physician; and a more beautiful drawing is seldom to be seen. The merit of this work is of the most sterling kind: in style it is pure and unaffected, and in execution most accurate and masterly.

No. 273. 'Rue Notre Dame, Caen,' S. Prout. Presenting a gable and windows of the Church of St. Jacques, if our memory serve us. It is nothing wanting in the usual care of the artist.

No. 276. 'Houseless Wanderers,' Frederick Taylor. A quotation from the ballad of "Scotland's Scaith" accompanies the title, but the utter destitution of the mother and her two children is sufficiently described. The work is more sketchy than others by the same artist.

No. 277. 'In St. Mark's Church, Venice,' Lake Price. A complicated subject, but drawn in and coloured with great promptitude and decision. A great portion of the sketch has not been touched a second time.

No. 279. 'Fruit,' V. Bartholomew. A bunch of grapes, cantaloup melon, &c., drawn and coloured with great truth, inasmuch as it is seen that the grapes are not fresh, the stem being somewhat dry.

No. 282. 'Piony and Camellias,' V. Bartholomew. The character of the leaves of these flowers is preserved with the most perfect fidelity, and their freshness successfully imitated.

No. 283. 'Brig standing into Dover Harbour in a stiff Breeze,' W. C. Smith. The vessel is just about to round the jetty, and, the purpose being to picture a windy day, the artist has with much propriety succeeded in his object.

No. 285. 'Dogs and Game,' Frederick Taylor. Two setters, with the result of a day's sport—pheasants, partridges, &c.; but the excellence of the production is in the dogs.

No. 288. 'Powis Park,' D. Cox. A small drawing, but more carefully made out than the minor works generally of this artist.

No. 291. 'A Fair Maid of Perth,' Frederick Taylor. This fair maid has been gleaning, and bears upon her head the fruits of her gatherings. The figure is well rounded and characteristic.

No. 292. 'The Rialto, Venice,' Lake Price. The bridge of the Rialto is well known to all admirers of Venetian scenery. This, with the surrounding objects, is the substance of the drawing, and the locality is presented precisely as it is without any effort at undue effect—indeed, the houses look somewhat too small. The clear green water is faithful in colour, like that of Stanfield, Bonnington, &c., and as seen in many of Turner's pictures.

No. 300. 'Autolycus, Clown, Dorcas, and Mopsa—Perdita, and the Prince disguised as a Shepherd,' J. Stephanoff. Many figures are here brought forward, but without a main point of composition.

No. 303. 'Rook Shooting,' G. Cattermole. It would have been difficult for any other artist to have made a drawing so interesting out of materials so slight—merely a part of an antique country house, overtopped by trees swarming with rooks, which afford a mark to one or two crossbowmen below.

No. 314. 'The Treacherous Shot,' Frank Stone. The incident of this artist is always the key to a clear story. Two lovers in a garden are surprised by an arrow piercing the ground at their feet; the lady is much alarmed, and the cavalier is earnestly looking, while reassuring her, to see whence the treacherous shaft has been sped. The figures, as usual in all this artist's works, are full of expression.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Tenth Exhibition, 1844.

In our last number we gave some introductory remarks to our notice of this valuable and advancing Society. It is treading rapidly on the heels of its elder brother; the rivalship is just and honourable; and it will be to the glory of both if they run the race together. We may never forget, however, how much has been taught to the younger by the elder; nor how large a debt is owing to the former for the perfection to which they have brought the art in this country.

No. 3. 'Sunset,' E. Duncan. A gem of the purest water. One of the most brilliant "bits" in the Exhibition.

No. 4. 'South Front of Hampton-court Palace,' David Cox, jun. This is altogether very like the place, but the subject is too architectural for the genius of the artist,—a prosaic admeasurement of the subject carefully made out on the spot.

No. 6. 'The Shepherd's Meal,' F. W. Topham. There is a striking peculiarity in the style of this artist; we would caution him against monotony in composition. The "meal" is discussed by the side of a scant stream, which descends from a background of rocks and hills. The figures are highly characteristic, and the drawing is rich without excess of colour.

No. 9. 'Dutch Fishing Boats getting under way—Gale coming on,' T. S. Robins. The boats are already at sea, and intended to be shown as getting under way from their fishing stations; a black squall is rolling upwards from the horizon; nevertheless the artist, with a determination to sink them, makes the poor fellows hoist their mainsail without a single reef.

No. 10. 'Summer,' E. Duncan. We see here a river with low banks, and surrounded by a flat country; a herd of cows are cooling their legs in the water, and the management of the composition so far is beyond all praise.

No. 11. 'The Wearied Traveller,' H. P. Riviere. He has cast himself in the shade by the wayside—his wife and child are by his side; there is nothing to praise in his gracelessly foreshortened position, and the freedom with which he is dealt with contrasts ill with the hardness of some of the lines in the female figure.

No. 15. 'Schloss Elz, near the Moselle,' W. Robertson. We have been of late deluged with Rheinwasser, while our artists have been intoxicated with Rheinwein. Moselle is a change, but it brings with it the same smack. This kind of scenery, in short, is what we are weary of, and in this matter-of-fact treatment, after *memoranda*, the spirit of which has long been forgotten, there can be nothing attractive.

No. 26. 'Joan of Arc, while engaged in the servile offices of her situation as menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France,' E. Corbould. We regard this drawing as a most substantial advance; the style of the artist is here sobered down to the better reasoning of Art, and his powers have been directed to force and expression. Joan has conducted, in her quality of *ecuyère*, two horses to drink at a brook, upon one of which she is mounted. With respect to Joan herself, it may be objected that she is too feminine—the character is wanting not only to the features but to the entire person.

No. 29. 'In Brittany,' R. K. Penson. A small picture, the foreground of which consists of a broad field of wet sand. In the distance is seen a town. The drawing is brilliant and pleasing.

No. 30. 'The Muscle Gatherer,' Jos. J. Jenkins. The seacoast figures of this artist are treated in a manner at once characteristic and picturesque. It is a female figure relieving her shoulders for a moment of her "creel" by resting it on a rock, against which she at the same time leans. The figure is well drawn and coloured, but in colour it is isolated, for in the objects around there is no response to the hues in which it is made out.

No. 35. 'Loch Dan, County of Wicklow,' W. Telbin. With such features of scenery as this at home, we are surprised that our artists should ever seek the picturesque of the Continent. The scene has not here received justice, for the distance is cut up with strong markings, which force the remote parts of the composition on the eye; there is also a want of harmony between the water and the sky; the whole, nevertheless, is marked by much power.

No. 45. 'Buildings at Dinan, Brittany,' W. Oliver. A small but admirable drawing, forcibly describing those grotesque wood and plaster houses which abound in Normandy and Brittany. The artist excels in this style of subject.

No. 53. 'At Cologne,' G. Howse. Groups of boats and figures, with the city on the left bank of the river. The work in this drawing will bear the closest inspection, but it is to be observed that general effect is often sacrificed in over-anxiety for finish. The buildings on the left are heavy to a degree, and are not well associated with the rest of the objects. As a work, nevertheless, of great labour, the drawing is distinguished by high merit.

No. 66. 'The last Moments of Andrea Zurbaran, the celebrated Spanish Painter,' L. Haghe. We do not see many coloured drawings by this artist, but those exhibited by him are of a class ranging up in every way to the utmost excellence of oil pictures. Zurbaran is lying in the convent of Santa Crux, at Lisbon, and to those around him he is unknown; but hearing the physician by the bedside declare him mad, he obtained by signs a piece of charcoal from the censer, and drew upon the wall the head of the Saviour in his agony. The physician holds his arm as counting the pulsations, while a monk seeks to learn whether there is yet life in the heart. The heads are singularly indicative of living intelligence, and in each figure we are sensible of a presence; in short, the productions of this artist have already placed him in the highest rank of water-colour art, and we are happy to see that he is not spoiled by success.

No. 78. 'Turf-cutters crossing the Tal y Bont, North Wales,' F. W. Topham. The foreground rocks have been left somewhat too slight, but the general feeling of the drawing is in unison with the character of the scenery. The manner of the work reminds us of that of some of the sterling works of the earlier time of water-colour landscape art.

No. 84. 'A Halt in the Nubian Desert,' Henry Warren. One of those blazing desert scenes which this gentleman so frequently paints. The sun is yet some thirty degrees above the horizon, but we must suppose this party to be in advance of the caravan, since the baggage camels are not yet come up. The composition is too much broken up by the irrelative distribution of the figures: we admit the difficulty of effectively covering so large a surface of paper, but we submit that a better arrangement of the characters might have been effected, and yet that effect of sunlight for which the artist is so anxious might else have been preserved.

No. 88. 'The Happy Family,' C. H. Weigall. Consisting of fowls and chickens; the principal personage of the group is the cock, and he is drawn even to the life.

No. 92. 'Brighton—Fishing Boats going out,' E. Duncan. A long line of boats sailing along shore and extending into remote distance; the near boats are well drawn and coloured.

No. 94. 'The Stranger,' F. W. Topham. He is an itinerant organist resting on his organ; near him stands a girl with two children. An open scene is scarcely fitted for such a subject; the drawing is otherwise highly interesting.

No. 101. 'Britons deploring the Departure of the last Roman Legion,' E. Corbould. The earnestness and solidity of the treatment of this subject present a contrast most favourably with the recent and less argumentative style of the artist. We are told in plain language that the group are lamenting some evil, but there is too little of the Roman galley seen to explain the causes of their grief. The artist has hedged himself in with generalities, insomuch as to leave little room for archæological question. Two of the principal figures are women, who have thrown themselves on the sand in a paroxysm of grief, arguing emotions somewhat deeper than those influencing the men of the group. These figures may be charged with extravagance, but the composition is relieved by action of no other kind. The red shield of the nearest warrior is a spot of colour unapproached in intensity by

any other part of the drawing; the portions of the picture that are in shade are transparent to a degree.

No. 103. 'Coast Scene—a Calm,' AARON PENLEY. View of a low coast, with a boat aground on the sand. The drawing is very pleasing, but we may remark, that very little more water than would serve to float the boat would flow over the sea-bank: a flood-tide and the wind off the sea, and the country is under water. Most curious, at times, are the solecisms of the Arts.

No. 104. 'Shrimpers on the French Coast, returning with the Rising Tide,' JOSEPH J. JENKINS. Strongly characteristic of the class of women devoted to this occupation; but the *bonnet du pays* is here substituted for the *bonnet de coton*, or the *couvre-chef*, so commonly worn. The figures are admirably disposed for effect.

No. 105. 'Summer,' H. JUTSUM. A group of trees, beneath which flows a thread of water; the trees especially are drawn with a distinct reference to nature. It is an exquisite work.

No. 112. 'At Troutbeck, Westmoreland,' H. P. RIVIERE. The drawing presents a broken and hilly country, through which flows down to the foreground a small stream, widening here and there into an eddying pool. The middle and back grounds are treated with a fine feeling for the beauties of the composition, but the foreground trees are of a description infinitely too poor to constitute any portion of detail in such a drawing.

No. 126. 'On the Medway—Chatham in the Distance,' THOMAS S. ROBINS. The aspect of the scenery is carefully preserved, and the treatment closely in accordance with the eloquent simplicity of nature.

No. 137. Saint Sauveur—on the Gave of Gavarnie, Pyrenees,' W. OLIVER. A large drawing, too much broken up into detail for agreeable effect; and the blue of the distance is unfortunately peremptory.

No. 142. 'Captain Macheath betrayed by his Mistresses,' J. ABSOLON. His captors are at the door, to whom one of the "ladies" hands a pistol, while another abstracts its fellow, leaving him, thus unarmed, at the mercy of the unwelcome intruders. The women are judiciously arranged; but the betrayal and the actual presence of the officers are too obvious to escape the observation of Macheath, giving the whole the appearance of an ill-managed farce.

No. 146. 'A Pic-nic—Powis Castle,' DAVID COX, jun. The entire composition has a very Watteau-like air, and we prefer treatment of this kind to anything approaching every-day costume. The party has risen from the tablecloth, and is dispersing through the *allée verte*. The drawing is elegant and tasteful to a degree.

No. 165. 'Don Quixote dines with the Duke and Duchess, and defeats an Ecclesiastic,' W. H. KEARNEY. A very large drawing, upon the detail of which vast labour has been bestowed. The apartment is abundantly decorated in the Moorish taste: the Duke and Duchess are seated midway in the composition; behind them is "the ecclesiastic," and the Don Quixote of the scene gesticulates before them. It is rare to find so large a work so utterly deficient everywhere of original *gusto*—artists do at times hit upon character by the chances of mere mechanical drawing; there is nothing of the kind here to relieve the universal dulness.

No. 172. 'A Shady Lane,' J. M. YOUNGMAN. The materials are of the most commonplace kind, but the simplest objects studied successfully from nature are always agreeable. The lane is crossed by a shallow brook, and shaded by lofty trees, which are here rendered with a freshness and truth rarely equalled.

No. 184. 'The Council of Horses,' G. H. LAPORTE. Gay's fable, known by the same title, supplies the subject, and the poet was as free to extract a moral from the doings of horses as from the philosophy of any other animals. Many of the affections of the horse have been successfully exhibited by painters, but the positive rhetoric of the animal has never yet been attempted on canvas. We cannot read the features of the horse as we interpret those of the dog. The drawing, therefore, exhibits a numerous assemblage of horses of a variety of characters, many of which are drawn in a masterly manner.

No. 189. 'After the Wreck,' L. HICKS. A rocky coast view is here presented, with a female figure, the widow of a mariner who has been drowned in a recent storm. His hat is floated to her feet, and recognised by her dog. The subject is not uncommon, but the relation is seldom so pointedly given as in this drawing.

No. 195. 'Entrance to an Old Prussian Town—Winter Evening Effect,' H. BRIGHT. There is a high degree of self-possession in everything produced by the varied power of this artist. We feel the chill of this winter evening; it is by no means a pleasing subject, and one little adapted for the display of power so peculiarly shown in dealing with subject-matter of a different tone of feeling.

No. 196. 'Eton from the Thames—Evening,' H. MAPLESTONE. This is a drawing of much excellence, though, according to the nature of reflexion, there is something discordant between the water and the sky. We see a tendency to a pronounced mannerism in some of the evening scenes of this artist—they were infinitely more pure a year or two ago.

No. 217. 'The Studio of Titian in the Palace of Francis I.,' JOHN CHASE. We presume that Fontainebleau is the palace here intended: as that palace was decorated by the *roi chevalier* in the taste here shown. It is, however, sheer folly to call this a studio: no artist could have lived a week in a place so entirely despoiled of the trophies of his vocation. The whole of the salon, especially the exuberant carving, is admirably painted; but more might have been done for Titian and Francis, whom we all know so well.

No. 219. 'Approaching Evening—Serenity,' AARON PENLEY. The time and sentiment are most poetically described; there is but little in the drawing, but it is all brilliant and atmospheric in the extreme simplicity of its treatment. It reminds us of the best productions of our early school of water-colour, in which art follows nature—whereas, we find it now too much the case that nature follows art.

No. 222. 'Scene on the Borders of Dartmoor, Devon,' H. BRIGHT. The admirable scenery of the place reconciles us to the word "Dartmoor" in some degree, which is surely one of those standing in type from year to year, in readiness for catalogues. A large drawing of a wild and rocky spot, made out in a manner the most masterly, we must say without hesitation; but the drawing, we submit, suggests comparisons which nothing positively original ever does.

No. 228. 'At Honfleur,' G. HOWSE. This has often been painted both for London and Paris exhibitions, but we recognise the place here with difficulty, because the old gateway tower is shorn of its real importance, nor is the centre row of houses duly considered.

No. 232. 'The Wandering Tribe,' F. W. TOPHAM. The title is accompanied in the catalogue by a quotation from Crabb's "Lover's Journey," describing a temporary settlement of gipsies, which is pictured in the drawing with some apprehension of the merits of roadside life. This artist paints those scenes with peculiar relish, but we would counsel him to some little variety of personification.

No. 244. 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' E. H. WEHNERT. The subject is treated with more success than we find it in five out of six readings of the same passage. There is every evidence that the artist has thrown his entire energies into the work. The crowd of shepherds appear upon the right of the composition, while the other side is left almost destitute of a countervailing balance. There is great power in many parts of the drawing, but the whole wants breadth and some diminution of the scenic formality by which the work is distinguished. We know at this epoch that the old masters were wrong in painting Canaanites as Greeks and Romans; but in their day knowledge of the Oriental character was wanting. Under all circumstances we are surprised that artists will adhere so unconditionally to absurd conventionality. If "the babe" had been painted with greater truth, this would have been one of the best pictures in the collection.

No. 255. 'The Rhine above Bingen, from St. Rock's Chapel,' JAMES FAHEY. Very unlike Rhenish scenery. The prospect carries the eye over an extent of comparatively flat country, through which winds the Rhine, assuming, from this point of view, the appearance of a considerable lake. It is a charming landscape—such as to fix the attention of every lover of nature, and much resembling our own lake scenery. It is the production of an artist who is always natural, and, consequently, always effective. His works are ever carefully studied, and evidence industry as well as high ability.

No. 254. 'Barleymen Shrimping off the Bligh, Mouth of the Thames—Sunset,' E. DUNCAN. These "Barleymen" are shrimping in boats sufficiently like those we continually see about the mouth of the river. The water is alive with craft of every rig; but, although we are at the mouth of the Thames, the water is yet of a better colour than the artist seems willing to allow.

No. 277. 'Windsor Lock,' G. HOWSE. The artist has taken a judicious view of this much-frequented spot—the objects are well ranged, and the cloudy day fully described.

No. 278. 'Mountain Path near Dolwyddelan, North Wales,' F. LINDSAY. A highly picturesque composition, but positively crushed under clouds of the heaviest metallic opacity. The artist has ruined his work by not knowing where to stop—a vanity as conspicuous in Art as in anything else.

No. 291. 'On the Balder, at Cotherstone, Yorkshire,' J. M. YOUNGMAN. A river scene closed in by trees, but yet somewhat formal in arrangement, and wanting that wild luxuriance so enchanting in fragments of this kind; the view has, nevertheless, many beauties which the artist has turned to account.

No. 292. 'Moslem Charity,' HENRY WARREN. The benevolence is that of a "pious Arab," who devotes his life to maintain a supply of water at the tomb of a Sheikh, on the borders of the Desert, for the benefit of travellers. Here a traveller arrives with his slave and camel, and the Arab presents him wherewith to allay his burning thirst, and while he drinks the slave and the camel eagerly claim the same relief.

No. 300. 'Camellias,' Mrs. HARRISON. These flowers are painted with a delicacy and truth rarely equalled; but why should it be otherwise, since this lady is one of our most accomplished exhibitors in water-colour.

No. 301. 'Autumn,' HENRY JUTSUM. A cornfield, with other items, composing a view of a very commonplace description, but yet treated with infinite sweetness, insomuch as to render the drawing a production of considerable merit,—in short, in works of this kind, where we find breadth of effect and purity of colour, as here, no composition can be displeasing.

No. 303. 'Lakes of Killarney,' GEO. B. CAMPION. Surely one of the most lovely views in these kingdoms. The foreground is rich with a variety of warm lines, which are judiciously broken and reduced as the objects recede into distance. Over the whole is shed a sunny repose—that of the decline of a midsummer day. The manner of the work is decided and masterly.

No. 305. 'Castle of Furstenburg, on the Rhine, near Bacharach,' G. HOWSE. An admirable little drawing, wrought out in close imitation of nature, and in a manner sufficiently decided, without any tendency to spottiness.

No. 308. 'Falstaff and Prince Henry,' W. K. KEELING. Not even Don Quixote is more persecuted and libelled than Falstaff, independently of his being a common "vlouting stog." He is here made to mask before company in a pair of riding boots of the 17th century; and as for the "Prince Henry," it was no such puling scarecrow as this that had his crown half hewn off by the French knights in the *mêlée*.

No. 310. 'An Outport, Canada—7th Hussars.' G. H. LAPORTE. This drawing describes perfectly the manner of posting lines of videttes when hostile armies are lying near each other.

No. 316. 'Perdita and Florizel,' E. H. WEHNERT. The characters, it will be remembered, are from the "Winter's Tale," and the circumstance supposed to arise from a passage in the third scene of the fourth act, in which the *personæ* enter a shepherd's cottage. With respect to the style of the figures, they are so positively German that we never should have divined them to illustrate a passage from Shakspere.

We have been compelled to pass over many admirable works. We may, however, conclude by an assurance that a more entirely meritorious exhibition has never occurred in the Metropolis.

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, at their GALLERY, PALL-MALL EAST, is now OPEN.—Open each day from Nine till dusk. Admittance, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.

R. HILLS, Sec.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The Tenth Annual EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, PALL-MALL, next the British Institution. Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

The TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN Daily from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, One Shilling; Catalogues, One Shilling.

EDWARD HASSELL, Secretary.

NORTHAMPTON EXHIBITION.—JAMES MOORE respectfully invites the Artists in town and country to aid him in establishing an EXHIBITION, the object being to keep alive and give to genius the benefit of the taste created by the Art-Unions. The pictures will be forwarded by Mr. GREEN, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, who will deliver them when returned free of cost to their owners. A charge of five per cent. will be made on all pictures sold, towards defraying the expenses incurred. Gentlemen who intend sending any of their works will oblige if they will inform me before the 7th of June, as they cannot be received after that time.

N.B. The Gallery will close by the end of July. Gold-street, Northampton, May, 1844.

Medium octavo, in arabesque binding, price 10s. 6d.,

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INSTRUCTIONS for the PRACTICE of FRESCO PAINTING, as given in the Reports of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts, compiled and arranged by W. WINSOR and H. C. NEWTON, Artists' Colour-makers to the Queen, &c.

In this little work is gathered from the best authorities, ancient and modern, all desirable information on the subject of Fresco Painting, under the following heads:—The Cartoon—The Selection of Lime—Causticity of the Lime—Slaking and Seasoning the Lime—Walls—Preparing the Walls—Colours—Implements—The Process of Painting—Qualities of Execution—Retouching—Moveable Frescoes—The Removal of Frescoes—On Cleaning Frescoes.

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